

The Listener

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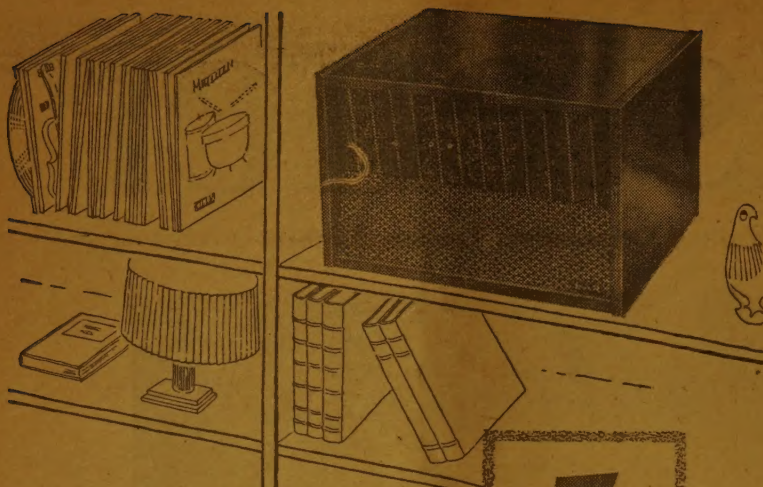
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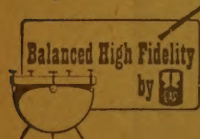
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Left and Right in Asia

By SAUL ROSE

THE usual picture of left and right in British politics is rather like the forward line of a soccer team: Liberals at centre, Labour at inside left, Communists at outside left, Conservatives at inside right, and Fascists at outside right. They play against, not with, one another, of course, and bitter experience over the years has brought a growing realisation that the Communists and Fascists are not merely playing against the others but are playing an entirely different game. Nevertheless, the Communists are still generally regarded as part of the left, despite all the evidence to the contrary such as the Nazi-Soviet Pact and the ordeal of Hungary. They may be repudiated and proscribed by the Labour Party, but they retain a place, sometimes a leading position, in the trade union movement, and this enables them to exercise some political influence through the channel of trade union affiliation to the Labour Party.

If the democratic left in Britain has not been able to dispose of the claim of the diminutive and discredited Communist Party to belong to the left, more cannot be expected of Asia. For Communism in Asia is relatively much stronger than in Britain, and it is also older than the democratic left. In Britain and in Europe generally, Communist parties emerged as splinters from established Labour or Social Democratic parties; whereas in Asia the Communist parties were first in the field.

The Asian Communist movement was a product of the nineteen-twenties. Only in Japan was there a democratic socialist movement at that time, and it succumbed to the militarists in the nineteen-thirties. The Asian Socialist Party with the longest continuous history is that of India, which was founded in 1934; but the Indian Communist Party was formed ten years earlier. Con-

sequently, in Asia the position is reversed, and it is the Socialists, not the Communists, who have had to assert their claim to belong to the left.

If the democratic left and the Communists are lumped together, the left is clearly predominant in Asia; but the same might be said of Europe. It is beyond the confines of the Communist countries that the difference appears. In the belt of non-Communist countries stretching from Pakistan in the West to Japan in the East, the great bulk of the population lives under governments of the democratic left; and that is far from being the case in non-Communist Europe. The governments of India, Ceylon, Burma, Cambodia, Singapore, and Indonesia all profess democratic socialism.

In saying that they 'profess' it, I do not intend to question either their sincerity or the validity of their interpretation. I have my doubts about some of them, particularly the Government of Indonesia which I should rather put in the category of Communist fellow-travellers. But that is not the point. I do not assert my doxy as orthodoxy, because it might well transpire that everybody was out of step except myself. The significant fact is the way in which these governments describe themselves. The Indonesian Government is based mainly on the Nationalist Party which subscribes to the doctrine of 'socio-democracy'; and therefore I include it among those which profess democratic socialism.

Even among those Asian governments which do not claim to be left-wing—such as Pakistan and Malaya—there is a considerable acceptance of policies which in the West are associated with the left. Nationalisation provides an example. It may be opposed in particular cases for practical reasons, but there is scarcely a

government in Asia that would object to it in principle. In this respect Asia is generally more left-inclined than the West. The Asian political spectrum contains much more red and much less blue, with the result that the various shades of pink, which in the West would be placed on the left, tend in Asia to find themselves located in the centre or even to the right of centre.

This is partly because the Communists are so firmly entrenched in the Asian left that degrees of leftism tend to be assessed in relation to the Communist Party. In Indonesia, for example, there are the Communists and the Nationalists on the one hand and the Masjumi and the Socialists on the other, with the Nahdatul Ulama wobbling in the middle. Consequently, the Indonesian Socialists, because of their opposition to the Communists, can be regarded as a right-wing party in Indonesia, although they would claim, with reason, to be considerably to the left of the British Labour Party. Again, in Singapore the outlook of the Labour Front Government corresponds broadly to that of the British Labour Party, but its position is in the centre rather than on the left because it is outflanked by the People's Action Party and the Workers' Party which stand appreciably closer to the Communists.

Birth of Nationalism

The reasons for the prevalence of leftism in non-Communist Asia are not far to seek. They are to be found in the nationalist movement. There is also the lack in Asia of middle-class entrepreneurs, as distinct from traders, who have been the mainstay of capitalism in the West; but that, I think, is a subsidiary factor. What determined Asia's leftward course was colonialism, which gave rise to nationalism. Nationalism and socialism went well in harness because the object was to eliminate foreign rule and take control of the state; because capitalism was associated with foreign enterprise and, rightly or wrongly, with exploitation; and because the ambitions of the nationalists for rapid economic development seemed to demand state enterprise. So nationalisation went hand in hand with nationalism, and political and economic motives combined to make it doubly attractive. It is true that recently there have been growing doubts in Asia, as in the West, about the general application of nationalisation as an economic panacea; but in most Asian countries the state's right to nationalise private property is specifically written into the constitution.

The rule that Asian leftism stems from nationalism is supported even by the exceptions. The countries in which the left is not predominant fall into three categories. In the first, there are the small countries of Nepal and Laos in which the political situation is too uncertain to provide an argument one way or the other, although there are pointers towards the left: in Nepal one of the major political organisations, the Nepali Congress which engineered the 1951 revolution, has declared itself to be a democratic socialist party, and in Laos recently Communists have been included in the government.

The other two categories are made up of right-wing governments. There are, first, the authoritarian Governments of South Korea and South Viet-Nam. These, I suggest, are the consequence of the civil war with the Communists. Because these countries have had to fight the Communists for their independence, and because the Communists are accepted as part of the Asian left, the democratic left in these countries has also borne the stigma and has had little or no chance to develop. The Philippines could also be included in this category, in consequence of the war against the Communist Hukbalahaps, although the democratic left appeared to make some headway under the late President Magsaysay.

Then there are the two countries with right-wing governments—Japan and Thailand—neither of which has been colonised by the West, although Thailand experienced Japanese occupation during the war and Japan experienced American occupation after it. In neither country has there been a nationalist movement to shake off foreign rule. The Japanese were in Thailand too short a time for such a movement to develop. Japan has suffered from a surfeit of nationalist movements, but of a different kind, aimed not at achieving independence but at extending Japan's dominions. Nationalism can be imperialist as easily as anti-imperialist. The fact that these two countries which have right-wing governments have not had a national independence movement reinforces the argument for the link between leftism

and nationalism in Asia. There is the complication that Japan after the surrender had a Socialist government for a time, and the Japanese Socialist Party remains a powerful force; but in this case the rise of the Socialists reflected the decline of the nationalists, who were discredited by Japan's defeat. Japanese nationalism, unlike the nationalist movements in the rest of Asia, has always been right-wing, and the Japanese left has usually been opposed to, not part of, the nationalist movement.

The experience of the Communists provides further evidence. Their attempts to exploit the nationalist movement have generally been unsuccessful. They have failed to capture any country outside China, North Korea, and North Viet-Nam, although they are doing well in Indonesia. One reason for their failure is that they showed themselves to be unreliable nationalists, either by their faction work when they were supposed to be supporting the nationalist movement, or when the dictates of international communism led them, as in India during the war, to support the imperial rulers against the nationalist movement. Experience of working against the Communists, and still more of working with them, contributed to the predominance of the democratic left in the nationalist movements. But the decisive factor, seen most clearly in the struggle between the Socialists and Communists in Burma, was the vindication of the democratic left through the achievement of independence without violent revolution: where independence had to be won by force the democratic left is weaker, as in Indonesia and Indo-China.

What constitutes the democratic left in Asia? Two groups may be distinguished. First, there are the parties which describe themselves as democratic socialist and are joined together in the Asian Socialist Conference. They comprise the Socialist Parties of India, Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia, and Japan, the Sri Lanka Freedom Party of Ceylon, the Nepali Congress, and the Labour Party of Malaya. This may not amount to a great deal, although the Burmese and Ceylonese Parties are in power and the Japanese Party constitutes a considerable force by any standard.

The second group consists of all the other parties which subscribe to democratic socialism but do not belong to the Asian Socialist Conference. Among these the largest and most important party is the Indian National Congress which officially espoused socialism three years ago. It includes the Masjumi Party in Indonesia, or at least its left wing, and, according to its professions, also the Indonesian Nationalist Party; the Popular Socialist Community of Cambodia; and the Party Ra'yat of Malaya. One might add possibly the National Awami Party of Pakistan, and, rather improbably, the Socialist Front of Thailand. It could be argued that the Alliance which governs Malaya is left of centre—at least one of its components claims to be Socialist.

This spread of pretensions to socialism indicates, no doubt, a wide variety of interpretations, but also a climate of opinion in Asia which secures widespread acceptance of socialism. It is this climate of opinion which induced the United National Party of Ceylon last year to declare in favour of socialism, albeit with reservations, and the right-wing party in Singapore to adopt the title of Liberal Socialist. In fact, the word 'socialist' in Asia is rather like the word 'liberal' (with a small 'l') in Britain: most people would claim to be one, and few would object to being called one.

Problem for the Working of Democracy

It is this situation which presents a great problem for the working of democracy in Asia: for, except in Japan, there is scarcely any democratic right wing. There is an authoritarian right wing, as in South Korea and in South Viet-Nam; but that is another matter. The danger is that in countries where democratic institutions have been established and are operating, this deficiency on the right tends to leave the Communists as the effective opposition—which means that, in time, the normal swing of the political pendulum may bring them into power by democratic means. In effect, this is what happened in the Indian State of Kerala. In default of a democratic right, both Government and Opposition have to be provided by the democratic left if the Communists are not to attain the position of the alternative Government. The parties belonging to the Asian Socialist Conference have set themselves to perform the

function of a loyal Opposition where they are not themselves the Government; but it cannot be said that they have been successful. The most important failure has been that of the Indian Socialist Party, squeezed between the Congress and the Communists. Its dilemma typifies the general problem: as against the socialism of the Congress on the one hand and the socialism of the Communists on the other, the Indian Socialist Party was faced with the task of propagating Socialist socialism. It is hardly surprising that the task proved too much for it.

Is there a solution to this problem? One suggestion, aimed particularly at India, is that where the democratic left holds a dominant position the democratic opposition should function within the dominant party. But there are certain prerequisites. First, the position of the dominant party must be unchallengeable; otherwise there will be opposition outside as well as inside it. Second, there must be democracy within the dominant party. Third, there would have to be a broad acceptance of this new conception of one-party democracy. All these are lacking in India. The Congress holds an overwhelming majority of the seats in parliament, but in neither of the two general elections has it obtained a majority of the votes cast. Its best friends would hardly maintain that the internal organisation of the Congress is a model of democracy. This does not matter much so long as it is one party among many, but it would matter a great deal if it were to monopolise political life. Nor is there much disposition in India, as far as I know, to abandon the ordinary conception of parliamentary democracy which requires more than one party if it is to work. Something like this proposal has been tried in Cambodia where the Popular Socialist Community absorbed most of the political parties and won every seat in the first general election; yet governments have rarely lasted more than a few months. Cambodian politics are very special, but such indications as this experiment provides are not encouraging.

It might be argued that it would be better for Asia to aim at a multi-party system rather than a two-party system, so that the Communists should not be the only alternative. The objection to this is that most Asian countries have a multi-party system. Where one party predominates, the problem of the Communist Party as the alternative remains. Where there are several parties of comparable strength, there is a situation like that of Indonesia, which is not very encouraging either.

Could a solution be found in a strong executive, more akin to a presidential system than to parliamentary government? Again the precedents are not promising: one has only to look at South Viet-Nam, South Korea, and the Philippines. More-

over, as Soekarno has demonstrated in Indonesia, a president is not necessarily a safeguard against communism.

Is there then no way out? I think there is, but it is not a short cut. As I see it, there have been two phases in the political development of the newly independent countries of Asia. In the first, the government rested in the hands of the leaders and movements which had achieved independence. The second phase has been marked by the departure of those leaders from the political scene, and the consequent disintegration of the national movements. Some countries are still in the first phase: India under Nehru and the Congress, Burma under U Nu and the AFPFL, Malaya under Tunku Abul Rahman and the Alliance. Others have passed to the second phase. In Pakistan, following the deaths of Jinnah and Liaqat Ali Khan, the Muslim League split and fell from power. In Ceylon, the United National Party, bereft of the two Senanayakes, father and son, was defeated by the Sri Lanka Freedom Party which originated in a break-away from it led by Bandaranaike. In Indonesia, the national leaders, Soekarno and Hatta, remain, but have fallen out with one another, and the nationalist movement is divided.

It is the second phase which often gives rise to gloomy prognostications about the future of parliamentary democracy in Asia. The question is anxiously asked: 'After Nehru, what?' The experience of other Asian countries points to the break-up of the Indian National Congress, but this answer is not usually found reassuring. If the major consideration is the maintenance of the present kind of government in India, that is understandable. But if the chief concern is for the survival and strengthening of parliamentary democracy, a division of the Congress into its right and left wings, now harnessed together by Nehru, could be more of a help than a hindrance. No doubt, left and right in that context would mean something different from the Western usage; but the division would enable parliamentary democracy in India to stand on two legs instead of one.

An enormous preponderance of one party is not normally thought to favour the best working of parliament; yet that has been the position in almost every Asian parliament during its first phase. It would be remarkable if it were not followed by a period of political realignment. Where parliamentary democracy has taken sufficiently firm root to survive the adverse conditions of the first phase, there is reason to expect that it will be able to adapt itself to the changes which ensue. If we in the West could refrain from regarding the fate of democracy in Asia as tied to the fortunes of one particular party, we should have much less cause for anxiety about its future.—*Third Programme*

The Satellites—I

Soviet Influence in the Satellite Countries

DAVID FLOYD gives the first of three talks

IN the years between the two world wars which now seem so remote, the countries of eastern Europe made a variegated political pattern. It was a patchwork quilt of monarchies, republics, and dictatorships. With the possible exception of Czechoslovakia, the political systems in force were not, it is true, distinguished by the degree of freedom or democracy they permitted, and authoritarian, or fascist, parties came to the fore in the later 'thirties. But in most of the countries there was active political life and a genuine diversity of political views right up to the outbreak of war. Eastern European countries were politically and economically backward compared with the countries of western Europe; but the regimes were far from being as utterly reactionary as they are sometimes thought to have been. The political ideas that had won the day in the West also penetrated deep into the consciousness of the peoples of the East.

Today eastern Europe presents a completely different picture. Instead of variety there is, at least on the surface, complete uniformity. Every one of the six countries that form the glacis between Russia and western Europe, and run from the Baltic to the Black Sea, are ruled by Communist regimes, called officially

and tautologically 'people's democracies'. Despite certain minor differences due to national and historical factors, and despite certain changes that have since Stalin's death reduced Russian pressure on eastern Europe, the political systems in those six countries—indeed, in eight if Yugoslavia and Albania are included—are identical.

How is this extraordinary similarity of political development to be explained? How is it that countries that previously exhibited every imaginable variety of political and national character are now on the surface identical? It is not because the peoples of those countries were suddenly and at the same moment persuaded of the rightness of the Communist way of life and voted Communist governments into power. The truth is that the Communist regimes obviously owe their existence almost exclusively to the proximity and power of the Soviet Union.

It is this origin of the Communist regimes that determines their nature. It is impossible to discuss the impact of communism on these countries without recognising that it is not primarily a means of social and economic reform but of the enforcement of alien rule.

What are the political changes that have taken place? The most important single change was the streamlining of political power and its concentration in the hands of one party. The consolidation of Russian influence in the area was not complete until in 1947 and 1948 all non-Communist political parties had been suppressed, made ineffective, or fused with the Communists. Even where non-Communist parties continued a nominal existence they were forced to give allegiance to some form of political bloc or 'front' which was effectively controlled by the Communists. The essence of the arrangement was that no non-Communist politician could have an independent source of power or be free to take action without Communist approval. It was not, apparently, merely a question of the other parties' loyalty to the Russian alliance. In Czechoslovakia, for example, there were many non-Communist politicians who were ready to acknowledge the primacy of Russian interests in eastern Europe. Nevertheless, the Communists found it inconsistent with their system to permit these politicians freedom of action inside the country.

It is interesting to note that, as soon as Russian power seemed to weaken after the death of Stalin, the formerly suppressed parties began to revive. In Hungary during the crisis of 1956 efforts were made to bring non-Communist politicians back into the Government. Elsewhere attempts were made to put life into what remained of the non-Communist parties. In Poland today the Peasants Party and the middle-class Democratic Party have been restored to life. But even there the Communists are insistent on maintaining their monopoly of power.

It follows that the normal institutions of democratic government are severely curtailed. Elections have become a sort of national referendum on the Russian pattern and not a battle between conflicting parties for power. The only uncertainty is whether the National Front will receive 98 or 99 per cent. of the votes. The resultant 'parliament' ceases to be a forum for debate over national issues and becomes instead a machine for giving the appearance of popular support to policies already decided on by the ruling party.

Even under the relatively enlightened rule of Mr. Gomulka in Poland the non-Communist parties have not been permitted to compete with the Communists at the polls. One important result of this stultification of political life is a considerable reduction

in the importance of the Government. Ministers are not answerable to parliament and the Government is not a coalition of men with varying political views. Moreover, policy is made nominally in the central committee of the Communist Party and actually by the few highest officials of the party. The Government is thus reduced to the status of a permanent civil service, responsible only for carrying out policies decided by the party. In most countries of eastern Europe the Government has ceased to be a centre of power or policy-making and the post of Prime Minister to have anything but a ceremonial importance.

The ascendancy of Communist Parties throughout eastern Europe has been followed everywhere by the nationalisation of almost all industrial enterprises and the collectivisation of agriculture. Whatever the economic consequences of this universal control by the state—and there is no proof that they are better than from private enterprise—it is not disputed even by Communists that it has produced an enormous and costly army of bureaucrats. The evils of bureaucracy are the commonest complaint today in Russia and eastern Europe. When industry is deprived of the need to show a profit or the need to run efficiently, and when agriculture depends on centralised organisation instead of on the farmer's urge to produce, then the army of non-producers can



Mr. Khrushchev (right) being greeted by Mr. Kadar, leader of the Hungarian Communist Party, on his arrival in Budapest on April 2

go on expanding without limit.

The essence of the impact of Russia upon the countries of eastern Europe has been to impose a highly dictatorial and centralised system of government, with the consequent atrophy of democratic institutions and the creation of a large body of servants of the regime. Some countries have applied this system more effectively than others. In Czechoslovakia, for instance, with its relatively advanced economy and high level of education, it seems to work, though wastefully. In Poland before 1956 it had almost ceased to work at all and only slowly is a little life being pumped into the system.

But in no case does there appear to have emerged any notable advantage of the Communist system except for the purpose of achieving Russian ends. It is difficult to see how it can be otherwise so long as communism in eastern Europe relies on Russian power for its existence, and so long as the people in those countries are prevented from giving free expression to their political views and aspirations.—*General Overseas Service*

Counter-revolution in Physics

By D. M. MACKAY

JUST over thirty years ago physics experienced one of the rudest shocks in its history. It was a time when new techniques were cramming the classical theory of the atom to bursting with facts for which it could not account. At the turn of the century it had been fairly simple: you thought of the atom as a kind of plum pudding of positive electricity, with 'currants' (if you will forgive the pun) of negative electricity embedded in it. These 'currants' were given the name of electrons. Then came the discovery that all the positive electricity in the atom seemed to be concentrated in a tiny nucleus, and the negative electrons had to be pictured as moving round this nucleus at relatively enormous distances, like planets round a central sun. As observations accumulated, the behaviour of these electrons

turned out to be more and more odd. They seemed, for example, to have preferences for only certain orbits and to be able to jump from one orbit to another at a great distance without apparently moving through the space between. It is as if the earth were able to jump from its orbit only to one of the orbits of the other planets and never to an orbit in between.

Worse than that, if you bounced a stream of free electrons off a regular array of atoms in a crystal, they were scattered not in the way you would expect a hail of particles to go, but rather in the way that waves are scattered by regular rows of obstacles. Gradually it became clear that whereas electrons in many ways behaved like particles, electrons-on-the-move in fact always behaved like trains of waves.

Imagine a train of these waves moving in a circle, as they might round the nucleus of an atom. You will obviously get them joining up to form closed patterns of 'standing waves' rather like the vibrations of the string of a violin. Such closed patterns may contain one, two, three, or any whole number of waves—but nothing in between. Only certain sizes of orbit will allow an exact number of waves to fit in. So the idea of treating electrons-on-the-move as waves makes sense of their curious behaviour in sticking to a few preferred orbits in an atom. These are just the orbits that allow their waves to join up and form steady patterns of vibrations. What is more, calculations based on this so-called 'wave mechanics' gave the right answers—which was a big help.

Planck's Constant

The basic principle can be put quite simply. To find out the momentum of an electron—or of any particle—you divide a certain number by its wavelength. The number is called Planck's constant—the famous 'quantum of action' which gives the name of 'quantum theory' to this whole field.

But now came the shock. Working out some implications of the new ideas in atomic physics, Heisenberg in 1926 came upon a curious and alarming fact. It seemed that an electron with the properties deduced from these experiments must be fundamentally unpredictable in its behaviour. Worse than that, according to the rule which made the momentum of an electron depend on the wavelength of a train of waves, it was not only impossible but self-contradictory to try to localise an electron with an exact momentum. It is a mathematical fact, which does not depend on physics, that if you shorten a train of waves you automatically make its wavelength imprecise, and the more you shorten it the more imprecise the wavelength becomes, so that an infinitely short wave-train does not have a wavelength at all—the notion of wavelength becomes completely imprecise. There is a simple illustration of this in the fact that the short impulses from a motor-car ignition system, or a vacuum-cleaner, turn up at all wavelengths on your radio dial. They do not have a unique wavelength. In the case of the electron, then, as long as you accept the rule that momentum depends on wavelength, you simply cannot meaningfully try to narrow down its location and expect to specify its momentum as well. One or the other can be exact, but not both at once. This is Heisenberg's famous Principle of Uncertainty. Of course, the repercussions were tremendous. In classical physics, momentum and location were just the two things you had to know before you could predict what a particle would do. If knowledge of the two together was impossible and even self-contradictory, then physics had become indeterministic overnight. This was revolution.

In a short time the new ideas had conquered nearly all opposition. As a working theory Heisenberg's principle was verified wherever it could be tested. An earlier generation had been vexed by Mach's scepticism of the existence of atoms. Now it seemed reasonable, and on stronger grounds, to doubt the existence of electrons. At least, given the relation between momentum and wavelength, one could irrefutably deny the existence of localised momentum, which came to pretty much the same thing. Gradually the revolutionary doctrine hardened into a new orthodoxy, in which it was recognised as a first principle that certain questions of classical physics (those relating simultaneously to the exact location and exact momentum of a particle) were 'meaningless'. It is doubtless not without significance that this was also the heyday of logical positivism!

Determinism and Free Will

In philosophical circles the Uncertainty Principle stirred fresh debate on the perennial question of determinism and free will. If the electrons in the brain are not fully determined in their behaviour by their past, the argument ran, they may surely be controlled by the mind so as to give expression to free will. It is an argument you can still meet—and of course it could be true, though I confess I believe one can base free will on more satisfactory grounds. Even some theologians were tempted to use Heisenberg's Principle as evidence for the theistic view of the world. You can sympathise with them when you read some of the anti-theistic stuff produced in the name of physics in Victorian times, and even earlier; but most Christian theologians I think

would hold that the God of Christian theology does not need the kind of gaps offered by Heisenberg's Uncertainty in order to make contact with the world He holds in being; and the fashion of linking apologetics to physical indeterminacy seems very properly to be on the wane.

So much for some of the applications—legitimate and otherwise—which these new ideas have found. But now what about the opposition? Nearly everywhere, I have said, it was conquered; yet oddly enough it was never quenched in the heart of the man whose research had provided the central idea on which the whole new structure rested—the relationship between momentum and wavelength. The man was Einstein; and till his death three years ago he was an unrepentant and militant opponent of the indeterministic outlook which had grown from his work. I vividly remember a discussion I had with him on this subject in his Princeton home a few years before he died. 'I like to think of the electron', he said, 'as *Gott* sees it'. I do not think he meant this as a religious statement. He simply wanted to insist that for him an electron was something really out there to be pictured, with all its movements really caused by happenings that were equally real, even if we could not observe them. Heisenberg's principle was empirically undeniable; but he regarded it as expressing only our ignorance of determining factors, and not at all the absence of them.

I am afraid it has never become clear how far this conviction of Einstein's followed from a thought-out argument and how far it reflected just a metaphysical predisposition. Certainly throughout his life he produced many ingenious attempts to justify it by inventing imaginary experiments in which one might get round the limitation of Heisenberg's principle; but all of these in turn have been relentlessly demolished by the now orthodox revolutionaries; and I cannot say that in the short evening I had with him I was able to form a convincing impression of his case.

Continuing Battle

But if Einstein's arguments have found few champions, the battle that he and a few others waged for so long is far from over. In fact what seems to be brewing now is something like a counter-revolution. Two of its chief architects, Professors David Bohm and Paul Vigier, took part recently in a full-dress debate with leaders of quantum orthodoxy at Bristol, on the philosophical foundations of microphysics. They claim to have justified Einstein's belief in pictorial models—by producing one that works. Its details are abstruse, but the general idea can be put simply.

If you look down a microscope at a drop of water you see the tiny specks of matter suspended in it, darting continually to and fro: the so-called Brownian movement. We explain this as the result of bombardment by the random motions of much tinier and invisible molecules of water. Now, says Professor Bohm, we find according to Heisenberg's principle that electrons are always subject to unpredictable fluctuations in their movements. Why not explain this as the result of bombardment by still tinier micro-particles in random motion? 'Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em; and little fleas have lesser fleas—and so—*ad infinitum!*' The waves we find associated with electrons-on-the-move would then be waves of movement among these micro-particles. An electron itself would be a kind of droplet, formed out of micro-particles in something of the way that mist-droplets form out of the molecules of water-vapour. This would explain among other things why the chances of an electron's turning up in a given spot are proportional to the intensity of its wave-train at the spot in question. It would in fact account for an astonishing number of the things for which the orthodox theorists believed no pictorial explanation was possible.

I will not pretend that all of us at Bristol were convinced that Professors Bohm and Vigier are on the right track. There are some very formidable obstacles for any 'realist' theory of this sort to overcome. To mention only one of them, the waves associated with a system of *two* electrons, in orthodox wave-mechanics, cannot be pictured in three dimensions—you have to use a mathematical space with six dimensions. Any 'realist' model of these waves in three dimensions is clearly out of the question. Professor Bohm believes he can cope with this difficulty by using a modified three-dimensional wave-model which would give the same results as the orthodox six-dimensional wave-theory; but his

proofs have still to run the gauntlet. What did seem clear to most of us was that Professor Bohm and his colleagues were justified in cocking snooks at the absolute embargo placed by orthodoxy on explanatory models in microphysics.

The Uncertainty Principle is absolute only if you accept a certain empirical relationship between momentum and wavelength. Any theory such as Professor Bohm's which queries this relationship is perfectly within its rights, and those who came to Bristol to say otherwise were unable to prove their case. Professor Bohm has shown that on his model the relationship should break down at very high energies, but would otherwise hold as in orthodox microphysics. He thus claims to have satisfied at least two of the criteria which any new theory must meet: his ideas are in principle vulnerable to experimental test; and they find room for the present orthodox theory as a limiting case.

Perhaps I have led you to feel that Professor Bohm's ingenious counter-revolutionary move is on much the same footing now as the ideas of microphysical orthodoxy were thirty years ago. I must admit I have enjoyed playing 'Devil's advocate' for Bohm; but there is one big difference between his theorising and that which led to the present quantum theory—a difference which may justify some of the irritation he has met with.

All the earlier scientific theories of matter have been licked into shape under the pressure of new experimental observations. Only when facts burst their existing strait-jacket are scientists usually persuaded to take seriously the need to make a new one. Professor Bohm's theory is different. He may claim that some facts of nuclear physics do not fit well into existing quantum theory. That is true; but he has not so far shown that they fit any better into his, and certainly no one could say that the possibilities of orthodox theory have been nearly exhausted. Only a few weeks ago, Heisenberg was in the news with a development which he hopes may put some sense into the welter of nuclear discoveries waiting for explanation. The plain truth is that in Professor Bohm's theory

the metaphysical preference seems to have come first, and the pressure of new facts has had a relatively small part to play; and scientists on the whole do not like this way of working! It smacks, they would say, of the pre-scientific approach to astronomy, with its epicycles (which were thought to be metaphysically desirable) having to be increased desperately in number to fit the accumulating facts of planetary motion. Most quantum physicists would say that however desirable it might be to have pictorial models of reality, it is a pity to drag in level upon level of new micro-particles when there is no conclusive evidence against orthodox quantum theory.

It is true that the new theory would restore determinacy at the level of the electron, and perhaps upset those who had pinned metaphysical arguments to Heisenberg's Principle; but even if we wanted to do so this would be a limited gain, since Bohm and Vigier—if I understand them aright—seem prepared to allow for some indeterminacy at each of their microlevels, to be explained by reference to causes at the next level below. This multiplicity of levels is in fact both the strength and the weakness of the new theory. What some of us fear is that, with so many levels to play with, there will be too many possible ways of explaining difficulties that crop up, and not enough rigorous rules for choosing between them.

Perhaps I could sum up the position in this way. The tendency in physics in the past thirty years has been more and more to make *prediction* a substitute for *explanation*. Orthodox quantum theory is designed for the calculation of probabilities of atomic events rather than the description of atomic objects. By rejecting this ideal, and going a fair way towards providing an alternative more in line with classical realism, Professor Bohm has succeeded in revitalising a debate that is always good for the soul of physics. Whether his theory will find the support he wants in the nuclear discoveries of the next thirty years is another question; but at least it is not absurd to wait and see.—*Third Programme*

Spare Parts for the Human Body?

R. J. C. HARRIS on the freezing and drying of living tissues

WE are all familiar with the preservation of food by freezing; refrigerator ships have been in use for many years, and today it is even possible to go out and buy a pre-cooked frozen meal. The preservation of food by drying is equally familiar. We regularly use dried peas, currants, milk, and, not so long ago, we had dried egg. However, at the Second International Symposium on freezing and drying held in London last week, we were not discussing food, but rather the application of freezing and drying to the preservation and storage of living organisms—yeast, bacteria, viruses, cells, and even whole tissues—in such a way that they can be revived and re-used.

Bacteria and viruses are comparatively easy to preserve in the frozen state. The principal thing is to find the right suspending medium, usually by trial and error, because the exact reasons for the stability of these micro-organisms to freezing are not yet known. There are a number of factors involved; for example, the amount of water inside the bacterium or virus, the internal concentration of salts, and, for bacteria especially, the toughness and resilience of the outer membranes which enable it to resist the ice pressures. Some bacteria are very sensitive to freezing and are readily disrupted. On the other hand, some viruses appear to have very little water or salt in them, and they readily survive at low temperatures.

The cells and tissues that make up the animal world—from the single-celled creature, such as amoeba, to multi-cellular animals, and man himself—present the problem for those who wish to study their preservation by freezing. These cells are, of course, more complex than viruses or bacteria. When amoeba are cooled to a temperature just lower than freezing, the ice formed within the cell itself disrupts it mechanically. Cinemicrophotography can

actually show the glistening spears of ice shooting through and slicing up the cells. The principal cause of damage to other cells on freezing, for example red-blood cells, appears to be produced by the increased concentration of salts, both inside and outside the cell. As the pure water freezes out, the concentration of salts in the remaining liquid increases until it reaches a critical and damaging level. This salt damage, which is chemical and not mechanical, is not produced instantaneously, and if the cells can be taken to very low temperatures at an optimum rate, damage of this kind can be kept to a minimum. Of course, thawing must also be brought about rapidly, otherwise this same type of damage will occur. There are other ways, too, of decreasing the dangerous rise in salt concentration, for example by adding glycerine to the fluid in which the cells are suspended. The glycerine gets inside the cells, does not solidify, and dilutes the harmful salt solution. Ice formation within cooling cells was discussed at great length during our conference, particularly the different rates of ice-crystal growth when freezing is brought about, either quickly or slowly, and the possible ways in which protecting agents, such as glycerine, may help to reduce injury.

It is difficult, as we have already seen, to store even isolated cells at very low temperatures, and a few years ago there seemed little possibility that multi-cellular creatures, and no prospect at all that mammals, could be resuscitated after freezing. Contrary to popular belief even cold-blooded creatures, such as frogs and fish, do not survive the complete freezing of all their body-water, and warm-blooded animals, including those that hibernate, are still more sensitive to cooling. At internal body temperatures well above nought degrees Centigrade, breathing and heart action stop and the animals fail to recover.

Since 1934, however, there have been intriguing reports from

Russia by Kalabukhov and others that bats and ground squirrels have been revived from sub-zero temperature, and in 1951 Andjus in Belgrade showed that rats cooled until their breathing and heart-beats had stopped were only in a state of suspended animation and could subsequently be revived. In this country, Dr. Alan Parkes, Dr. Audrey Smith, and their colleagues at the National Institute for Medical Research have further developed the Andjus techniques and have shown that, under an anaesthetic, golden hamsters can be cooled to internal body temperatures below freezing point, when both breathing and heart beats have stopped, and that they can then be reanimated. Some of these animals cooled without internal ice-formation, but others froze progressively until, when the deep internal temperature had been below freezing point for about an hour, they were literally as stiff as a board. These animals can be completely reanimated by very rapid warming by diathermy and, at the same time, given artificial respiration. In some of the animals that recovered fully, as much as 50 per cent. of the total body water had been frozen, and it is most significant that their limbs and ears showed no signs of frost-bite unless they had been bent while they were still frozen.

Cold Storage of Large Animals?

The cold storage of human Rip van Winkles is a favourite theme for science fiction, and some of you may have seen a recent B.B.C. television play, 'The Critical Point', in which the characters were scientists studying the freezing and thawing of large animals. In the play, one of the scientists himself elected to be frozen, but, for a non-scientific reason, his resuscitation was unsuccessful. While these scientists were not recognisably Drs. Parkes and Smith, their methods of anaesthesia, controlled freezing, diathermy, and artificial respiration were all employed, and it may not be long before the larger mammals can be successfully frozen, stored, and subsequently reanimated. Already the reduction of body temperature—so-called hypothermia—has been used in medical and surgical practice. There would be surgical advantages if both lung and heart action could be stopped altogether for a period, and it is in this connection, rather than in the nightmare concept of global refrigerators full of fully armed frozen soldiers, that this important work should be considered.

Such ideas may lie well in the future, but at present it is possible to store human skin, bone, arteries, connective tissue, and cartilage either at temperatures between plus-three degrees and plus-five degrees Centigrade or at temperatures below minus-sixty degrees Centigrade, or alternatively by drying from the frozen state. Frozen-tissue banks now exist to provide spare parts for surgical use. These surgical spares are largely restricted to bone, cartilage, skin, and artery for which living grafts are not required. In the recipient's body these grafts really act as scaffolding. Artery grafts, sometimes many inches long, restore the blood channel to a damaged vessel, but the graft itself does not survive and its elastic framework is repopulated by the host's own cells. Surgically, it would be of the greatest importance if whole organs such as the heart, the thyroid, the kidney, the ovary, or the testis could be stored in tissue banks and be made available as surgical spare-parts. Here the problems are not solely those of freezing, storing, and resuscitating a living organ—problems which themselves have still to be solved—but also those of persuading one human body to accept living grafts from another. Human beings can accept living grafts only from a genetically identical individual, an identical twin, so there is an immunological barrier to be broken down before spare-parts of organs can be used. Where no immunological barriers exist, as for example with corneal grafts, progress may be much more rapid.

Freeze-drying

A totally frozen bacterium, virus or animal, is dry in the sense that no liquid water is present, and all the chemical and metabolic processes that depend upon the presence of liquid water are at a standstill. To be certain that no liquid water is present involves freezing the material to a very low temperature. At higher temperatures ice is present together with concentrated, and deleterious, salt solution. If the water could be removed there would be no necessity for storing these materials at such low temperatures, with the advantage of decreased storage cost and so on.

Water may be removed in a number of ways, but most of these involve the use of heat, and this damages the proteins, fats, and nucleic acids of which all living material is composed. Fortunately, water has a number of curious properties and one of the most useful is the fact that, at quite low temperatures, ice has a considerable vapour pressure. Frozen washing on a dry and windy winter day will lose its water and, in much the same way, ice may be removed from frozen biological material by putting it in a vacuum, and trapping the water molecules as fast as they leave the frozen mass. This is the procedure known as freeze-drying. The important thing is that the water passes from the solid, ice state, to the vapour state without the ice thawing. Freeze-drying was first used on a large scale, both in this country and in America, for drying blood plasma in the second world war. The delicate proteins of the blood are left in a sponge-like, dry state; are readily transportable without refrigeration; and, after the addition of sterile water to replace that removed in the drying, they redissolve and reconstitute blood plasma, which is in every way as effective as if it had been freshly prepared.

In a similar way, it is possible to remove the water from frozen bacterial cultures and from frozen virus suspensions, like yellow fever and rinderpest, which are used as vaccines for medical or veterinary purposes. The National Collection of Type Cultures provides bacterial samples in this dry form, and preservation by freeze-drying saves an enormous amount of time and money which would otherwise be expended on subculturing their many bacterial strains. More recently B.C.G. vaccine, which is being used on a world-wide scale for tuberculosis immunisation, has been successfully preserved by freeze-drying, and a number of the problems that had to be solved have been discussed at this conference.

Surgical Benefits

The next great advance will undoubtedly be in the preservation by freeze-drying of living organ and tissue grafts for surgical use. I have already mentioned some of the difficulties of freezing such materials without killing them. Where a dead graft will suffice, as for example with artery, it does not much matter how the water is removed, or how it is put back. To restore a living tissue the water must obviously be returned to the places within the tissue from which it came. A simple analogy may help to make this clear. If we can imagine the organ to be a large, steel-framed building with bricks filling in the spaces between the steel struts, and let these bricks represent the water molecules, then we can see that when all the water has been removed, the steel skeleton, the organ matrix, will be reconstituted as the original structure only if the bricks go back to make the same internal and external walls in the same relationship to one another; otherwise the rooms and corridors in the building will be different and the original function will have been lost. Moreover, and perhaps more important, if the outer walls are rebuilt first it will be increasingly difficult for the bricks making up the inner walls to get back at all. The organ would thus be wet on the outside but still dry inside.

These are some of the intriguing problems that we have been discussing this week. Already the study of freezing and freeze-drying, sometimes for its own sake, has made important contributions to the well-being of both man and animals. Human milk and tissue banks, human and veterinary vaccines, bacterial culture collections, the production of antibiotics, have all been made easier and better. In the field of human surgical spare parts alone the future benefits of such work may well be incalculable.

—Network Three

Among recent publications are: *Ta T'ung Shu: The One-World Philosophy of K'ang Yu-Wei*, translated from the Chinese with introduction and notes by Laurence G. Thompson (Allen and Unwin, 35s.); *The Wisdom of Balahvar: a Christian Legend of the Buddha*, by David Marshall Lang (Allen and Unwin, 15s.); and *Five Modern Nō Plays*, by Yukio Mishima, translated with an introduction by Donald Keene (Secker and Warburg, 25s.). Other recent books are: *Man and Time: Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks*, edited by Joseph Campbell (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 35s.); *Psychology and Religion: West and East*, in the Collected Works of C. G. Jung, translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 42s.).

The Listener

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Concerning Style

‘PERHAPS of all the creations of man’, wrote Lytton Strachey, ‘language is the most astonishing’. A phrase picked out of its context may convey a wrong impression and it is possible, though not necessarily probable, that had Strachey lived another thirty years and witnessed some of man’s latest creations, he might have modified his view. On reflection one doubts it. Sputniks soar into the heavens, but their gyrations can scarcely be described as flights of fancy and in time they are heading for disintegration. Whereas a word once sent abroad, as the poet has declared, flies irrevocably. It is astonishing. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why language is a subject of perennial interest—and why therefore we are glad to reproduce in our columns this week another talk on Fowler, this time by Sir Harold Nicolson. As the Fowler brothers pointed out—and Sir Harold emphasises—language is not a static body of laws or enactments: it is a living organic form of expression which must continually refresh itself with new forms of speech. Rules change and even simplicity can become a pose. What it all boils down to, Sir Harold concludes, is that a professional writer in prose ‘is bound, if he be any good, to create a style of his own’, but from time to time should read Fowler to check the bad habits he may be acquiring.

In this age of broadcasting the spoken and the written word have been curiously intermingled and so far as style is concerned one wonders sometimes what the reckoning will be, what effect this mingling will have. Will the written word suffer? Or the spoken word? Or both? Or neither? ‘An author follows a false aim if he tries to write exactly as he speaks. There is no style of writing but should have a certain trace of kinship with the epigraphic or monumental style, which is, indeed, the ancestor of all styles’. Schopenhauer wrote that long before the days of broadcasting and in an age whose literary values were a little different from our own. But one understands well enough what he means. For over a quarter of a century now this journal has been reproducing broadcast talks and the great majority of them, apart from a little tidying up, have appeared on our pages in the form in which they have been spoken. That many people read these talks with pleasure is a fact for which there is plenty of evidence and one that after all need not cause surprise. It may be that many of our contributors are more accustomed to using the pen than to communicating their material by word of mouth. On the other hand there are talks which have made brilliant broadcasts but which reduced to print would have done no sort of justice to their begetters.

This is a field in which even Fowler might have found it difficult to lay down rules. Clearly the spoken word is likely to be less formal, if only slightly less formal, than the written word. Obviously, too, there will be words and phrases of interjection that find a natural place in speech but will not appear in the printed version: but these do not in any real sense raise questions of literary style. All one can say beyond a doubt is that one style will be suitable for both mediums, and another will not. Perhaps this is just one more puzzling facet of that astonishing creation, language.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

ON GOOD FRIDAY Mr. Khrushchev attended a big military parade in Budapest to mark the thirteenth anniversary of Hungary’s liberation from the Nazis and her occupation by Soviet troops. Then, addressing a mass rally—from a platform raised on the pedestal of Stalin’s statue which was demolished during the Hungarian rising in 1956—he challenged the United States and Britain to follow the Soviet example and suspend nuclear tests.

In a statement from Washington, the State Department said that Mr. Khrushchev had chosen a poor place to call for goodwill, for it was in Budapest that the Soviet Union had ‘demonstrated its goodwill by the slaughter of the Hungarian people when they sought to lift from their backs the yoke of foreign domination’.

Mr. Kadar, who greeted Mr. Khrushchev as ‘the sincere and tested friend of the Hungarian people’, thanked the Soviet Union for helping Hungary to regain and safeguard her ‘freedom and independence’, for refraining from any kind of interference, and, above all, for having crushed the ‘counter-revolution’ with brotherly love. In another speech in Budapest, Mr. Khrushchev accused the United States of delaying a summit conference by insisting that Germany and Eastern Europe should be discussed:

The Soviet Government has many times declared, and now declares again, that it opposes in the firmest manner the discussion of such questions.

Addressing 20,000 workers in the town bearing Stalin’s name (Stalinvaros), on April 5, Mr. Khrushchev—clearly referring to the Kadar regime—said they must ‘help themselves’ and not depend on Russia coming to their help again if there was another ‘counter-revolution’. He went on:

I advise you to look beyond your noses. Your class-consciousness should be stronger and you should see more clearly who is a friend and who an enemy. You must be tougher—so tough that your enemies will always know that the Hungarian working class will not waver for a moment.

Referring to the 1956 revolt and Russia’s ‘unselfish help’ during and since then, Mr. Khrushchev stated:

We had to make a decision. Should we help or stand aside? . . . We decided that we could not stand by to watch the hanging of Communists and the best sons of the working class.

Western commentators seized on Mr. Khrushchev’s challenging statement about not depending on Soviet help in the event of another rising, but the Hungarian radio—up to the time of writing—failed to report his words, saying only: ‘Then Comrade Khrushchev spoke a few unprepared words’. And the official Hungarian news agency asked its subscribers to withdraw the brief report it had issued on the Soviet Prime Minister’s visit to Stalinvaros.

From Australia, the *Adelaide Advertiser* was quoted as saying that Communist tyranny in Hungary had proved to be even worse than the Nazi tyranny, the anniversary of whose overthrow Mr. Khrushchev was in Budapest to celebrate.

In a message to President Eisenhower, the text of which was broadcast from Moscow on April 5, Mr. Khrushchev, again calling on the United States to follow the Soviet example in halting nuclear tests, said that if the West insisted on continuing with their tests Russia would consider itself free to resume its tests. A Chinese broadcast described the Soviet decision to suspend tests as ‘a great thunderclap of peace’. On April 1 Tass issued a statement—subsequently widely broadcast—saying it had been authorised to express the regret of ‘Soviet Government circles’ at the United States Government’s reaction to the Soviet Union’s ‘noble initiative’. The Tass statement emphasised Soviet readiness for a control system in the event of an agreement to terminate tests, and her desire for an urgent summit meeting in order to find a solution to the disarmament problem.

From France, the Socialist *Le Populaire* commented:

The three Western Powers have put forward constructive proposals designed to bring about a summit conference which would have the task of discussing disarmament. Would it not be better if, instead of indulging in theatrical gestures, the Soviet leaders were to reply to these Western proposals in a positive manner?

Did You Hear That?

ITALY'S LIGHTNING STRIKES

'ROME IN THE RUSH HOUR is an experience in a class all of its own', said PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, in 'From Our Own Correspondent'. 'The green 'buses, which share with road sweepers, manhole covers, and milk bottles the noble coat of arms bearing the letters S.P.Q.R., are crammed almost to suffocation. The habit of queueing is virtually unknown in Italy, and once in the bus the seasoned commuter starts fighting his way towards the exit in the front and, with luck, he may reach it by the time the bus arrives at his particular stop. The bus conductor, by the way, has a more comfortable time of it than his London counterpart: there is no upper deck, and he sits with a resigned expression selling tickets near the entrance at the rear.'

'The public transport system is frequently paralysed by lightning strikes. There have recently been two of them in one week. They generally last for about two hours at a time. Sometimes the transport workers are considerate enough to arrange the strike outside the rush hour.'

'Italy is a country of gleaming motor coaches, and if public transport fails for long there always seems to be a glittering armada ready to sail in and take the long-suffering passengers home, though, of course, they have to pay more than their usual fare. The drivers of private cars also help to some extent. I asked an Italian I know why there were so many lightning strikes, and he replied: "It's our idea of democracy".'

'None of the strikes tends to last very long, perhaps because there is considerable unemployment, and a fair measure of casual employment in Italy which makes those who have jobs none too anxious to stop work for a long period. The trades union organisations here are divided politically into several groups, and many workers belong to no union at all. It all adds an element of surprise to life. One day, people wake up to find that no milk has been delivered, or perhaps that they cannot buy any bread, or perhaps that a theatre performance has been cancelled. I do not say that this happens continually, but it can happen at the drop of a hat. The reflexes in the Italian character are extremely quick. Another aspect of the Italian character, which is reflected in strikes when they do occur, is that bitterness does not last for very long. There is nothing sullen about the Italians. They blow off steam resoundingly and afterwards usually reach a settlement.'

'Some strikes have economic grounds, others are purely political. There are checkerboard strikes, when groups of workers strike for twenty-four hours in one area of Italy, for a further twenty-four hours in another part of the country, and so on. There have even been upside-down strikes, when the management of a factory has tried to lock out the workers, where the workers have insisted on going on working, and where the management has finally gone on strike itself and left them to it. Such are the variations which the Italians have been known to play on the strike theme.'

'In a month's time, the lawyers in Rome are to stage a lightning

strike of one day. They will stay away from the courts in protest against what they consider to be excessive stamp duties and exorbitant court charges. Presumably, these reduce the lawyer's fees. But of one thing I am quite sure—the Italian's love of litigation will see to it that the lawyers' strike does not go on for very long'.

AMATEUR GENEALOGISING

Do you ever wonder who your ancestors were? Surprisingly few of us can go back beyond our grandparents. But, speaking in 'Woman's Hour', ARTHUR JACOBS says it is not hard to trace your family tree.

'Let us suppose you do not even know anything about your grandparents. In this case, perhaps, you can start at your father's or mother's birthday. If either of them was a first child it is a fair guess that your grandparents were married within a year or two of your parent's birthday. Having made your guess about when your grandparents were married, your next step is to make a search in the marriage index at Somerset House, London, where all births, marriages, and deaths have been recorded by law since 1837. All entries are in alphabetical order in large leather-bound volumes, each holding three months' records. If you live in Scotland, you go to New Register

House, Edinburgh, or the Scots Ancestry Research Society may be able to help you.

'I am sure you will find grandfather and his wife easily enough; and the index will have some figures against their names which you have to copy on to a form and give to the record keeper who will provide you with a copy of the marriage certificate. This will tell you the names and occupations of both grandfather's and grandmother's fathers. It will also give the ages of your grandfather and his bride when they married, and the place where they lived. From this you can work out the year of birth, which will give you a clue to the marriage date of their parents. Then you can look up that marriage, and so on through the generations.'

'It is easy to trace back to the year 1837, but when you come to the oldest certificate you can find at Somerset House (or New Register House), the column on it headed "place of residence" becomes very important, because it tells you in which parishes that bride and groom of long ago lived. And that is where you must take up the search again—in the parish registers. Some parish registers go back to the Middle Ages. Many of them have been copied by researchers and printed privately by genealogical societies, so you may find a copy in the local library. If not, most ministers will help you search through the original church records. It is all interesting.'

'My search took me to Cornwall on the trail of the parents of my grandmother, Isabella Ann Matilda Hawkey Chamings. Grandmother's name would have gone well with a really impressive background. In fact, she was the daughter of a seaman—a naval rating named Thomas Chamings who married a Cornish girl Elizabeth Mary Hawkey in 1832. I found the marriage entry



Cottages at St. Clement, Cornwall, with the tower of the thirteenth-century church in the background

H. S. Stewart

at Falmouth parish church. Chammings could sign his name; but his bride signed with a cross. Her pen had wandered off course, and the nib opened with a tram-line effect. The cross told of nervousness and excitement as plainly as words. Then the hunt took me a few miles from Falmouth to St. Clement, a cluster of ancient thatched cottages surrounded by flowers. Here, Elizabeth's father, John Hawkey, had married Jane Tregaskiss. Behind the font in the tiny thirteenth-century church I found a memorial plaque recording the death of a boy, William Hawkey, in 1705 and referring also to his grandparents. There, you see, was a family link through 300 years.

'My great-grandfather, Thomas Chammings, being a seaman had a naval service record. And it is important to remember such things if you find an ancestor who was in official service. I found out about Chammings in a crumbling ship's muster book in the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane, London. It was for H.M.S. *Crane*, a brig. The rotted leather binding and pages had probably been affected by long exposure to damp sea air, but there it was, in faded writing, the place and date of birth of Thomas Chammings, a description of him and his naval conduct—good, as it happened. There, too, were the names of the ships he sailed in: *Andromache*, *Baracouta*, *Plover*, and many others.

'The main thing in family research is not to give up when the trail grows cold. If the parish registers fail, you can browse through rent rolls, old census returns, wills, and deeds. They are all filed somewhere. If your family came from a part of the country suitable for a holiday and you go there one summer you will find this an interesting job for a dull day'.

FLOODLIGHTING NIAGARA

A British firm which in wartime made more than 3,000 searchlights for military use is completing one of its biggest post-war export orders, the production of twenty huge floodlights for the illumination of the Niagara Falls. Some of the lighting units were demonstrated recently at the firm's works in Watford, and HUGH DRIVER was there to describe them for 'Radio Newsreel'.

'The projectors are fitted with automatic colour-change units', he said, 'and as many as fifteen colours can be obtained from the twenty lights using the colour slides in various combinations. The lights themselves are massive affairs; when standing on their mountings they are about nine feet high. The lamps are forty-two inches in diameter, and the candle power—or, I should say, the beam candle-power of each one—is about 210,000,000.

'Special attention has been given to the problem of spray from the roaring waters of Niagara Falls and of icing in the colder weather. A prototype was set up and tested, and as a result of the experience so gained special protective shields were designed and built into the lights. Each light, incidentally, weighs just under a ton and costs £1,355. That means a total of something like £27,000—useful dollars from a contract secured in the face of much competition.

'A great deal of care and study has gone into the placing and focusing of the lights to get the best effects. Four will light the smaller American Falls, with another playing a beam on what is known as the Bridal Veil. The cliffs of Goat Island, between the Horseshoe of the Great Falls and the American Falls, will have two, and the Horseshoe will be lit by eight—four on each side. The remainder will cover the spray plume, the crest of waves on the rapids, and a stretch up-river. The range of the lights is from a quarter of a mile to nearly half a mile on the Horseshoe Falls and Goat Island, about half a mile over the American Falls,

and a full mile up stream over the rapids. The lights are expected to be installed and ready for operation in mid-June or early in July'.

MIND OVER MATTER

'The fact', said EVELYN CHEESMAN in a Home Service talk, 'has been recognised for a long time, that certain primitive tribes have a strange power over their own vitality, but every fresh instance I saw in New Guinea astounded me, and I had the advantage of close observation of some of them.

'We, who are in the habit of regarding ourselves as more enlightened, seem to have lost that faculty, or else we never possessed it. Or maybe it appears in a few individuals as a relic of elementary nature when the whole world was younger. For who among us can definitely state that we will pass out of existence at a certain hour on a certain day—and then do so? We seem to be lacking in that special grip on our own powers. Possibly life is too full of interest for us, even for those who declare they are ready to quit. I am thinking of those suffering from incurable disease and yet still mentally clinging with tenacious tendrils to this life, though they may be unaware of it, while they imagine that there is nothing worth living for.

'I can recall many instances of Papuans exhibiting this natural power, some are only slight examples and some poignant. I can remember one old man at the point of death who kept himself alive by sheer will-power for a definite objective, although he had eaten nothing for a couple of weeks. It was his daughter who told me this, treating it with unconcern as a normal occurrence. This old man belonged to a sago-eating tribe, and for those people the periodic excursion of a family party or community to some distant swamp for sago-making is a most momentous occasion. It is talked of for weeks beforehand and there is much preparation. Then the time comes to fit out and launch

the canoes, and all the able-bodied inhabitants of the village depart, only a few women with young children and the very old are left behind.

'I strolled down to the village after watching the canoes sail to find out whether anyone was taking food to the dying man, and then heard that for some time he had refused to eat. But he had announced that he would not die until the sago-makers returned. This was because he had lent a precious bush-knife to one member of his family and was determined to see that it was brought back safely.

'It was an heirloom, probably his most valued possession. I can vouch for its being excellent steel, for he had allowed me the privilege of handling it. It was to be passed on to his son when he died—but this was not the man who had borrowed it. He looked then, when I saw him, as if he could not last through one night. Whether he really did exist without food or drink I could not prove. But I do know that the sago-makers returned ten days later at dawn, and he was alive when they arrived but by noon he was dead.

'Another instance I was told of was also of an old man at a mission. He wished to be confirmed by the visiting bishop but was taken ill and was said to be at death's door. But his relatives said that he would not die yet because he told them he was waiting for the bishop. It happened that the bishop was delayed by bad weather for over two weeks, but that old man lingered on day after day, and died soon after receiving his first communion'.



One of the twenty floodlights that are being built by a British firm for the Niagara Falls. The beam candle-power of each one is about 210,000,000

Law in Action

Negligence and the Careful Master

By C. J. HAMSON

THE facts of the case, *Davie v. New Merton Board Mills Ltd.*¹, which I propose to discuss here are fortunately extremely simple. A workman, the plaintiff Davie, employed by the defendants, a considerable industrial concern, was in the course of his work separating some pieces of metal with a rather elementary tool called a drift, which is a plain tapering piece of steel some twelve inches long. You use it by putting the thin end into the joint and hitting the thick end with a hammer. This Davie did, normally and properly—there is no question of any negligence on his part. But, as the result of a blow, a chip of steel flew off the drift and disastrously destroyed his eye.

The defendants had bought the drift in the normal way from a reputable retailer who had in his turn bought it from a well-known maker. After the accident it was discovered that the chip flew off because the maker had used for the drift a steel which was too hard. This defect could and should have been discovered by the maker; it could not have been discovered on any reasonable inspection either by the retailer or by the defendants. The maker had evidently been negligent, and it is now admitted that he was liable to the workman for all the workman's injuries. But what concerns us is not the workman's action against the maker but his action against his own employers, whom he was suing, as the report states, at common law for damages for negligence. That is a point to emphasise: the workman was not seeking to recover benefits under the Acts—now the National Insurance (Industrial Injuries) Acts—which provide for payments to be made to a man injured in the course of his employment, by an accident without the employers' fault. He was alleging that his employers had themselves been negligent and were therefore liable to him in damages at common law for their wrongful conduct.

'An Extraordinary Tangle'

On this simple issue, the four judges who dealt with it stood equally divided—two thought that the employers had been negligent, and two, the majority in the Court of Appeal, thought that they had not. And Davie's claim eventually failed. Yet evidently an alternative was open to the court. That in itself is startling and interesting: how has it happened that at this stage of our legal development, in a field where there has been an enormous amount of litigation, an alternative of the fundamental kind should still be open to the Courts? How has it happened that this particular set of facts, the answer to which seem plain enough to common sense, should raise today a critical issue for the law of master and servant? I suppose the short answer is: because the law of master and servant is in such an extraordinary tangle. It is some part of that tangle I wish to examine here from the point of vantage which *Davie's* case gives us.

Let us start with the common-sense answer: no, of course the employers were not negligent; the maker of the drift was negligent, the employers were not. The common-sense answer is often right where questions of negligence are concerned. The common-sense answer would be right in an apparently similar case involving, let us say, a motor-car. The putting of a car upon the highway entails, as it seems to me, a considerable degree of danger to the public at large and is therefore an operation which the reasonable man would undertake with an even higher degree of care than the buying of a drift. But in the case of a car, if there is a defect in it due to the negligence of the manufacturer, of such a kind that neither the retailer nor the owner can discover it upon any reasonable examination, and if by reason of this defect an accident occurs whilst the owner is driving the car, the owner is not liable to the victim. Why? Because the owner has not himself been negligent however high his duty of care; and the manufacturer who has been negligent is neither the servant nor the agent of the owner, so that the manufacturer's negligence

cannot be imputed to the owner. There is no doubt at all about this answer, at least as the law now stands.

Why, then, should there be a doubt about the employer's liability in the case of the drift? There is this difference in the two situations: between the employer and the workman there is a contract, and there is no contract between the driver and the pedestrian. The contract may alter the nature and extent of the employer's duty. But we can, I think, make a first point, and one worth making because it has caused trouble in the courts: if the employer's duty is a duty of care, even a high one, then in the circumstances of *Davie's* case he is not liable to the workman. He can be liable to the workman in those circumstances only if the contract of service has changed the character of the employer's duty—if, for example, instead of owing the workman a *duty of care* as regards the tools, the employer by the contract warrants that the tools are sound. Should there be such a warranty, it will not matter how the tools have come to be unsound: if they are in fact unsound and cause damage, the employer is liable. There may, of course, be intermediate kinds of warranty.

The Employer's Duty

That will seem straightforward, I hope, to the layman: if the employer's duty is a duty of care, he is not liable. It is only if he owes the workman a higher duty that he may be liable. The layman would then suppose that all we have to do is to turn to a reputable book on the law of master and servant and we shall there find an answer to this obvious question about the nature of the employer's duty: of what kind is the employer's duty? In fact, instead of an answer we shall find a monumental complication which records the extraordinary (but not untypical) history of a branch of the common law.

The relevant story starts about a hundred years ago when the law began to interpret the contract of service. The contract of service then was no doubt very elementary—it provided perhaps only for hours of work and rate of pay. When a contract is extremely defective the law interprets it by inscribing into it implied terms. This is a consecrated and even a necessary technique, and when used sensibly it has led to many salutary developments in the law. Into the contract of service the law began to inscribe the term that the servant impliedly agreed to run the risks necessarily or naturally inherent in the employment which he has undertaken. That is not in itself unreasonable: the sailor who goes to sea no doubt undertakes the risks resulting from storms at sea, though nothing is said about that in the contract. Whatever the master's duty may be it does not extend to controlling storms.

The notions 'risks necessarily or naturally inherent in the employment' or 'risks outside the master's control' are, however, capable of almost indefinite extension; and they did receive an enormous extension. More deadly to the sailor than the storm—at any rate if the ship is seaworthy—are the risks which arise from the carelessness of the fellow-members of the crew; and against those risks also, as Lord Cranworth so sapiently said exactly a hundred years ago, the master cannot protect the servant. He may also be able to provide a seaworthy ship: he cannot control its navigation or the use or misuse of the tackle. The safety of each servant is necessarily largely in the hands of his fellow-servants; and that was even more self-evident in Lord Cranworth's day than it is today, when automatic safety devices can do something to protect the workman.

On the strength of this self-evident fact, by that kind of strict application of logic or precedent which I would call blind or wanton, and which is not without parallel today, the fictitious term in the contract that the servant undertook the inherent risks was stretched to include the different and really critical risks of the carelessness of his fellow-servants; and so was brought into the law the doctrine of common employment. Under this doctrine,

¹ [1958] 2 W.L.R.21 (C.A.)

the servant could not recover from the master for injuries caused to him by the negligence of a fellow-servant though the master would have been liable for the same injuries if they had been caused to a third party not a servant.

To discriminate against a servant in this manner was bad enough in itself; but it became worse and indeed scandalous when by the introduction of large-scale enterprise and the factory system the conditions of work were fundamentally altered. When the master is conceived idyllically as a man working alongside the servant, in immediate control of much of the operation and actually taking upon himself an equal or similar risk (if ever those circumstances existed—and they certainly were not existing when Lord Cranworth formulated the doctrine), it may be fair to put upon the servant some part of the risk arising from the casual negligence of his equal and immediate mates. But when the master has disintegrated into an absentee commercial corporation which can be present only by its servants, when the persons actually in charge of the operation—the manager and the foreman—are always fellow-servants, when the servant finds himself entirely surrounded by fellow-servants, the degree of risk which he takes upon himself under the doctrine is outrageous. Indeed the duty of the master towards the servant is in danger of evaporating completely, because the accident is then almost invariably caused either by something which cannot be guarded against at all in the prevailing state of knowledge or by the default of a fellow-servant.

Fictitious Terms

Having created a great injustice by the inordinate, and as I say wanton, extension of one fictitious term which it had imported into the contract, the law, instead of rationally reconsidering that term, set about importing and developing another equally fictitious term to counterbalance it: again, at the beginning, as I think, quite sensibly. Whatever risks the servant may impliedly have taken upon himself under the contract, he had not exempted the master from the master's own duty of care which was equally implied under the contract. The master therefore remained liable for the consequences of his own personal negligence. 'Personal negligence' are magical words, as magical as 'risks inherent in the employment': they lend themselves as admirably to interpretation and extension. Clearly there will have to be a good deal of extension, and much magic exercised, before these words 'personal negligence' will operate to make the employer liable in *Davie's* case; for the employer there has not been negligent at all in any immediately intelligible sense. But a good deal of magic has been exercised.

How that magic was exercised I cannot here examine in detail. Let this suffice. 'Negligence' initially means the breach of a duty of care and usually implies something blameworthy in the actor, such as not looking ahead when driving a car. But the careless actor also acts unintentionally; and we easily, though very improperly, transmute a breach of a duty of care into an unintentional breach of duty: thereby giving to negligence an extreme extension, for duty is evidently a much larger category than duty of care. Similarly 'personal negligence' initially seems to emphasise the impropriety of blameworthiness of the conduct of the defendant himself. But again we can transfer: this time, the personal element from the conduct of the defendant to the original incidence of the duty. If a duty is cast upon me and I delegate its performance to a third person and he negligently fails to perform it, surely it is still *my* duty which has negligently not been performed, even though I carefully and most sensibly chose a qualified person to discharge a duty which I might have been incompetent myself to perform. And is not the negligent non-performance of my personal duty my 'personal negligence'?

Of course this negligence and personal-duty line of argument proves too much, or rather assumes what is to be proven, by transmuting any duty from a duty of care into a strict duty. But this argument or ambiguity was very useful in the law of master and servant, in order to redress the balance. It fixed upon the master a set of strict duties which overrode the defence of common employment. Personal negligence had a grand career in this field. It was evidently the personal duty of the master to take care to provide proper plant and appliances, and to see that they were properly maintained—which made him, and very legiti-

mately, responsible for many of the accidents occurring in a factory. It was not difficult to hold, perhaps less legitimately, that the mass of statutory safety regulations *ipso facto* cast upon him a similar personal duty to see that they were observed. And the law went on to invent a really far-reaching application of the idea in the 'safe system of work' principle. It was the master's duty to see that there was a safe system of work; and the safe-system principle can be indefinitely expanded, so that it becomes the master's duty to take steps to counteract almost any casual negligence of a servant, at any rate if it tends to be repeated.

Precarious Equilibrium

By superimposing one fiction upon another, by inordinately developing the notion of personal negligence to counteract the inordinate development of the assumption of risk by the servant, it is possible to attain an elaborate but highly precarious equilibrium of the kind in which the common law seems specially to delight; and in the hundred years which have passed since Lord Cranworth's judgement, the law did by these curious means succeed in preventing to a considerable degree that discrimination against a servant which he had consecrated. But the acrobatic feat required does create a great complication, which a more straightforward policy would have avoided. And the acrobat must keep pretty alert to maintain the equilibrium if somebody comes along and gives him a jog.

The law was given a severe jog in 1948 when statute, which is as blind and blinder than the common law, intervened and abolished the doctrine of common employment. Statute thus automatically secured the purpose which the notion of personal negligence had been historically invented to attain: the master is now, without more ado, liable to servant (and indeed already perhaps excessively so) for a fellow-servant's casual negligence. Then, its historical purpose having disappeared, will the law fold personal negligence up and put it away? The judges say that they cannot behave in this sensible way, and it is unlikely that they will. Personal negligence is now established by precedent and will continue to operate. It has spread beyond the law of master and servant and, being a concept of infinite and perhaps deliberate ambiguity, it may serve a useful purpose in other fields, to correct there also other excesses without wounding the susceptibilities of precedent. But in the field of master and servant, having lost its twin and counterpart, it is particularly likely to run amok. That is why *Davie's* case may become a turning point.

The defect in the tool which caused the damage in *Davie's* case was due to a manufacturer who was wholly outside the employer's enterprise. Such a manufacturer could never have been a fellow-servant of *Davie's*; his defaults were not covered by the doctrine of common employment. Moreover, the manufacturer, as we saw in the car example, is not a person for whose defaults the employer would be liable in the general law of negligence. If we do now make the employer liable for the manufacturer, we are not attempting to cure any unfair discrimination against the servant. What, in fact, we would be doing is not only to convert the employer's duty of care into a strict duty—that has already happened—but to give the strict duty an unusual range. Under the guise of logic or precedent, to give such a range to the notion of personal negligence is in itself as unreasonable as was the range given to the notion of assumption of risk one hundred years ago by Lord Cranworth.

Avoiding Legal Acrobatics

A decision now against the master would not, it is true, be as disastrous in his case as was the decision then against the servant; for the master could and does insure himself. It may even be poetic justice that the law should now use unreasonably against the master the same technique which it so unreasonably used against the servant. But I do not think that it would be good sense. If we believe that the master ought to be liable in the circumstances of *Davie's* case, we should now discard the notion of personal negligence and, instead, say plainly and without more ado that under the contract of service the master warrants the soundness of the tools given to the servant. So doing we would at least avoid the need of further legal acrobatics.

As *Davie's* case stands, the majority in the Court of Appeal did decide against giving a wider range to personal negligence. Parker L.J. there said²: 'Now that the doctrine of common employment is abolished, and now that the workman can recover direct from the negligent manufacturer, I can see no justification for extending the [master's] duty to exercise reasonable care. . . .'

² Page 47

But the dissenting opinion of Jenkins L.J. is a powerful one, and the law seems to me to be precariously perched. I would not like to predict in what direction finally it will move. That was not my purpose here: my purpose was to examine how the law came to find itself in this matter on the very odd perch on which it does find itself.—*Third Programme*

Architecture of the Stage

By TYRONE GUTHRIE

FOR nearly 300 years theatres have been built upon the same kind of plan, so it is easy to assume that this is the 'right' plan, that any radical alteration would be freakish and cranky. The kind of plan to which I refer places the stage on one side of a wall, while the spectators all sit facing the other side of this wall, usually piled up in two or three galleries built one above the other, but all, naturally, faced in the same direction. The wall between actors and audience is pierced by a large rectangular hole—a very large hole indeed—and through this hole, like *Pyramus* at *Thisbe*, the audience looks at the stage. The effect is like a huge picture frame. Inside the frame hangs a curtain, which is drawn aside, or more usually drawn upwards, to reveal the picture, the decorated, lighted stage.

The frame is known as the proscenium arch, and for about 300 years it has been taken for granted that this should be the principle upon which the relation of actors to spectators should be arranged—a sort of peep-show, stressing the element of surprise and magic: the curtain rises, and lo and behold . . . !

There have, of course, been wide varieties in the size, and detail of shape, of stages and auditoria, and in their decoration and equipment. For example, in the great majority of theatres there has, in addition to a perforated wall, been a great gulf fixed between audience and actors—the orchestra pit; and a barrier of fire—the footlights. The public has been carefully sheltered from too close a contact with the dangerous, exotic world of the theatre; and theatre people have



'Shakespeare inside a proscenium': 'As You Like It' at Drury Lane in 1842

well known how destructive to 'illusion' would be the removal of these protective barriers, how glamorous it is to live, for two or three hours of a night, in this painted, walled-off territory of brightly lit make-believe.



The Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Ontario, where 'the farthest spectator is only as far from the actors as row M in the orchestra stalls of a proscenium theatre'

Photographs: Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

But remember the theatre has not always been thus. Neither the Greek, the Roman, nor our own theatre until after the restoration of King Charles II in 1660 were built upon the proscenium arch plan. We imported it from Italy as part of the mechanism of the Italian musical works or opera, which in the early middle of the seventeenth century were taking all Europe by storm. For opera, where it is essential for all singers easily to see the beat, where it is desirable that they should face their audience, you can see that the set-up of the opera house—singers and audience facing one another, conductor between them facing the stage—you can see that this is logical. Opera, with its rigid set pieces, its stress upon individual virtuosity, its highly stylised conjunction of music with the action of a drama, is well suited to the highly artificial character of the proscenium convention.

The theatre became detached from its old roots in the medieval Church,

detached from almost any contact with rural life, and became the plaything of a limited, but brilliant, section of metropolitan society.

In case it may be thought that these changes were all a weakening and debasing of the art of the theatre, let it be remembered that this is the theatre which produced Molière; and, at a period when by no stretch of the imagination could London be regarded as anything but a gallumphing Boeotia somewhere across the fog-bound channel to the north of France, our decadent theatre produced Congreve, at the head of a coterie whose brilliance cannot be ignored. It was a coterie, this was coffee-house wit, and, as such, of rather limited appeal, but its dazzling glitter has never been excelled.

But I am digressing. For better or worse the theatre changed: and for 300 years its architecture has conformed to principles imported for the specific purpose of staging Italian opera, and a drama evolved under the influence of Italian opera, and which represents a diversion from the mainstream of both classical and medieval theatrical tradition.

Shakespeare and the Coffee-house Taste

How in the new arrangement did Shakespeare fare, and his fellow dramatists of the Golden Age? He survived: his work was 'improved', his woodnotes wild were made to conform to coffee-house taste; elegant and interesting butcheries of his work were committed by men like Dryden, Cibber, and Garrick. It is fashionable to decry these butchers. But without them it is certain that Shakespeare would not have survived—in the theatre. He would have drifted about in that musty purgatory where the unproduced dramatist, whose work is only of interest to scholars, is compelled to wander—in good company, mind you; Aeschylus wanders there, for one—so I daresay it would not have mattered to Shakespeare, but we, that is posterity, would have been the poorer.

It is an odd thing that Cibber, for instance, has had to endure the obloquy of posterity for what he did to Shakespeare, whereas Sir Henry Irving has been admired for doing the very same thing; namely, producing a butchered Shakespearian text acceptable to the theatrical taste of his own epoch. It is my belief that Shakespeare will always have to be butchered so long as his work has to be produced in a sort of theatre for which the plays were not written, to which they are positively ill-adapted; a sort of theatre designed for effects which are irrelevant to Shakespeare's purpose, and inimical to the kind of effects which he sought.

The proscenium arch is designed to frame a scenic illusion. Shakespeare's theatre supplied no scenery. If it was important for the audience to know the whereabouts of the characters, Shakespeare described it in his dialogue, and in poetry so terse, so memorable, and so comprehensive that the efforts of theatrical technicians in canvas and wood and electric light become not only redundant but impertinent.

The proscenium arch is designed to frame a picture. If you are working on a stage of this design you cannot get away from the problem by the merely negative solution of having no scenery. If you have black velvet curtains, for instance, you are immediately making an emphatic pictorial statement; your stage appears to be draped for a royal funeral. If you have a bare stage, then irrelevant elements are exposed to view—the ropes and pulleys of the unused stage mechanism; odd doors; heating apparatus; the fire escape. Also it is apparent that this is a makeshift, that this is not the use for which this space was intended. The function of the mechanism is being denied. It is like having a steam engine, deprived of coal, at the head of a diesel train.

These are matters concerned with seeing. There are also considerations of hearing. Shakespeare demands large casts; the salary bill is large and, if ends are to meet, a big theatre is required. That means, on the proscenium plan, that the furthest spectators are very far away. That, in turn, means that, to be heard, the actors must speak good and loud; to be seen, their 'business' must be broad. Thence springs the so-called 'tradition' of Shakespearean acting, boisterous and obvious—sound and fury signifying very little.

After many years of grappling with Shakespeare inside a proscenium, after trying compromise after unhappy compromise, after talking to all those of my colleagues whose opinion on these

matters I respected, I came to the conclusion that no radical improvement in Shakespearean production would take place until we had got back to a form of theatre which related audience to actor as did the theatres for which Shakespeare wrote.

We know a good deal but not all about the theatres of Shakespeare's day. Some facts are established beyond controversy. For one, the stage stuck out into the auditorium; the actors played on a bare platform with audience on three sides of them. Behind them was a structure about which there is a great deal of controversy; but about one thing, no reasonable person would disagree: it was a permanent structure and did not greatly alter to suggest now a street, now a throne room, now a heath. It was there, and the audience accepted it for what it was, a piece of building which was supposed to represent, for the time being, whatever the actors were making believe that it was.

The fact that the stage juts out into the auditorium is important for two reasons: it makes the grouping and the coming and going of actors far more fluid, and it brings them closer to their audience. In Canada, at Stratford, Ontario, we have built a stage of this character and built an auditorium round it, which holds over 2,000 people; its capacity is almost double that of the Old Vic, yet the farthest spectator is only as far from the actors as row M in the orchestra stalls of a proscenium theatre. This means that actors can use the full range of their voices from a shout to a whisper, and they can speak immensely fast and still be heard.

This, in my opinion, is revolutionary. It is no longer necessary to perform prodigies of virtuosity—as Gielgud does, for instance, our greatest rhetorician—in order to be at once audible and to seem intimate and natural. In our Canadian auditorium, intimacy and naturalness are easy to achieve because the actor is close to the audience. Moreover, the audience itself is compact; 2,000 people circled close about the actors can work up a tension far higher than can the same number in twice the cubic space. I hope that I have suggested the main reasons why a reversion to an older and more traditional form of playhouse is sometimes desirable. Should the proscenium houses be scrapped? Of course not. Apart from the financial and practical impossibility of such a thing, I am not such a crank as to suppose that all plays, of all kinds, can be better presented on an 'open' stage.

Banishing Theatrical Illusion

In principle, I feel that plays should be presented on stages which conform, as nearly as possible, to the sort of stage which the authors envisaged when they wrote. For many years we must continue to produce Shakespeare, his contemporaries and predecessors, on the proscenium stages of later date. But I think that the monopoly, if I may call it so, of the proscenium arch is over. Our experiment in Canada has been the first one of comparable scale; but it will not be the last. What we have done will be refined and improved in many directions. But I hope that the experiment has been a significant one, not just in the sphere of Shakespearean or classical presentation but as a practical demonstration that the theatre need not only be regarded as a peep-show, a place where audiences are surprised and delighted by the magic of stage-management, where the aim is to create an illusion.

Nowadays, with drama squirting out of loudspeakers, flickering over cinema and television screens at every moment of the day or night, how can the idea persist that the aim of drama is illusion? In that case, exposed as it is to such a ceaseless battery of dramatic illusion, half the human population of the world would be schizophrenic, unaware of the difference between the world of reality and the world of commercialised daydreams. The public is well aware of the difference. It is we—the theatrical profession—who must revise our preconceptions and get rid of the dangerous illusion of theatrical illusion. The theatre has more important things to do than to bamboozle the public into thinking that fictions are reality.—*Network Three*

A brief restatement of the Federation of British Industries' analysis of Britain's post-war economic difficulties and of the remedies needed to overcome inflation is contained in a booklet entitled *Fighting Inflation* (published by the F.B.I., 21 Tothill Street, London, S.W.1, price 2s.).

Birds of Shetland

By DAVID ANDERSON

UNTIL seven years ago I had been content to live my life without being able to distinguish a magpie from a wren. But when you go to Shetland even an indifference and ignorance like mine are not proof against the impact of the birds. I am still an ignoramus but no longer an indifferent one; and as the dumpy little steamer leaves Lerwick with me for the Northern Isles it is usually the thought that I am about to renew my bird acquaintances that is uppermost in my mind. You could not want a better place for watching birds than Shetland because you see them in their completely natural surroundings: and, far from objecting to being stared at, they see so few human beings that they are often just as interested in you as you are in them.

Some of them indeed are a little too interested. There is the Great Skua, for instance, the 'bonxie' as they call him up in Shetland. He is a good one to start with because he belongs peculiarly to the Islands. At the beginning of the century only two pairs of great skuas were known to exist—in the swampy wilds at the north-west corner of Unst. Now, in Unst at any rate,



The Great Skua, the 'bonxie', displaying its wings



Arctic Tern in flight, 'graceful as anything you could imagine'

you meet them all over the place, but especially in the spongy, peaty moorland. The fact that at the moment of their appearance you are often preoccupied with leaping from tussock to tussock with oozy dark peat between them makes it, if possible, the more alarming. You see them circling above you in sweeps that get steadily nearer—great predatory birds of a sombre brown, with white badges on their wings a little like the identification marks of an aeroplane. Lower and lower they swoop, with hard, unflinching eyes. Suddenly you hear the beat of enormous wings and spin round as one of these great creatures zooms over you, almost brushing your head. You will never forget the first time a great skua dives at you with his five-foot wing-span: year by year as I renew the experience I retaste the same primitive fear.

The Great Skua and his smaller, swifter, more graceful cousin, the Arctic Skua, are predatory birds. Their technique is roughly that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They let the other bird catch the fish, and then dive at him and force him to disgorge it—by twisting his wings to breaking-point if necessary; whereupon they snatch the relinquished tit-bit in mid-air. I once watched a dog-fight between an arctic skua and a gannet which lasted every bit of twenty minutes. Over and over again the gannet was borne down on to the rough surface of the sea by the sheer weight of the skua's attack. But in the end the gannet's greater size and savage beak began to tell, and it was the skua who at last broke off the fight. I watched it all from the kitchen sink: you are as near as that to Nature in Shetland.

I have never met anyone who was actually attacked by a skua, though I have heard tales of hats being snatched off by them. But I have met people who have been pecked by arctic terns. Terns are as graceful as anything you could imagine, and also as fearless and wantonly aggressive. Not long ago I sat on a hillside above a loch, on the shore of which a colony of them were nesting, and watched them, either individually or in pairs, take on all comers, including gulls of all kinds and even an arctic skua.



Puffins on a headland in Shetland

Photographs: John Peterson

In each case the victim was unprovocative and flying well out over the loch; in each case he was considerably larger; and in each case he fled in terror.

Yet when they are in flight overhead it is hard to believe that anything so delicately graceful as a tern could be so pugnacious. They have long pointed wings and a forked tail a little like a swallow's; and their flight is incredibly deft and dainty. In attack they can perform the most spectacular aerobatics. When fishing they can hover—like a hawk, I was going to say, but actually it is much more like a helicopter—before darting down to snatch a sand-eel out of the sea, scarcely wetting a feather as they do so. When they really get into top gear, their level flight is amazingly swift, with steady, powerful wing-beats. Add to this the delicate blending of greys in their plumage and their dainty heedful little head and I hope I have conveyed to you what little beauties—and little devils—they are.

The Puffins at Home

You have to be in Shetland by the beginning of August to catch the puffins at home. Their season is as short as the London season, and as in the London season it is *de rigueur* to wear full evening-dress—black tails and white waistcoat. To this rather sombre outfit the puffin has added two touches that are all his own—bright orange feet and a big aristocratic beak outrageously rouged, like that of a dowager having a desperate last fling. Most of this gaiety is assumed only for the courting season and is discarded in winter. But you never see the puffin in winter because he has gone for a winter cruise. Everything about the puffin—except perhaps his delicate wings and neat, flickering flight—is deliciously comic: his dumpy figure and upright carriage; the unmistakably nautical roll of his walk; his habit of standing about by the hour in little groups of two or three, as though discussing the price of rubber or the latest score in the Test Match. All of these are irresistibly funny. But though perhaps you do not realise it at first, the thing that really makes you chuckle when you look at a puffin is the solemnly fixed expression of his eye.

Puffins live on the cliff-face in burrows—sometimes burrows they have scooped out for themselves, sometimes burrows they have rented for the summer from the rabbits. If you put an incautious arm into one of these burrows you may get an unpleasant peck—such as you get from your parrot on one of his difficult mornings. But if you are merely there to look at him no bird could possibly be more co-operative than the puffin. He obviously thinks you every bit as funny as he is, and if you lie still on the cliff he will soon come waddling across for a closer look. It is odd, if you come to think of it, that being so intensely interested in human beings he lives so far away from them. But most of his time, as I say, is spent standing about in twos and threes running down the government, until he suddenly remembers some frightfully important date and goes flickering away out to sea to keep it.

Like most of the sea-birds he is a keen fisherman. One morning I lay on a headland and watched puffin after puffin come home with the morning's catch glistening silvery in his mouth. One bird may have as many as four fish in that big parti-coloured beak of his, and I have it on good authority—which photographs seem to corroborate—that he arranges them alternately head to tail, no doubt to balance himself in flight. A delightful little bird, the puffin.

If ever I had to be turned into a bird myself by some wicked fairy, the one I would choose, I think, would be a fulmar. Short of being able to play the 'cello like Casals I can imagine nothing much more wonderful than being able to let oneself go as the fulmar does over the dizziest cliff-face and go riding to and fro on steady, motionless wings. Of all birds his flight is surely the most graceful as it is the most effortless. He lives in much the same places as the puffin—often, indeed, they are next-door neighbours—and of course a south-facing cliff-face, catching the sun, transmits its heat to the adjacent air and produces, from the fulmar's point of view, all sorts of fascinating swirls and eddies. It is nothing for a fulmar to take off from his ledge, curve round in a circle or figure-of-eight of several hundred yards' diameter, and return to his base without a single wing-beat—nothing but an occasional subtle warping or flexing of the feathers to regulate his course.

But he does not particularly need the air-currents of a cliff-face. He can do it more or less anywhere, with or against the wind. But, strangely enough, he does need a wind to take off. A friend told me one day how he had just encountered a fulmar on the road. The bird, as he discovered when he alighted from his car, was perfectly all right, merely land-bound. My friend just had to shoo him away into the heather to wait for a wind.

The fulmar, very like a gull till you get to know him, is large but beautifully compact. As he comes skimming towards you inches above the water, in search of the oily plankton he feeds on, he has the lines of a beautifully streamlined dove-grey monoplane. His offspring, on the other hand, waiting snugly on the rock-ledge for his return, looks like an outsize powder-puff with a tiny beak and two big beady eyes. If you are approaching a fulmar's nest, it is wise to do so from above because the chick no less than its parents secretes a peculiarly malodorous oil in its beak which it squirts at you if you get too near. Last summer I disturbed a mother fulmar from her solitary egg. Before relinquishing it she squirted a generous ring of oil all around it, a kind of magic circle to keep her precious treasure safe. I can assure her the precaution was unnecessary in my case. I said just now I would like to be a fulmar. I would like to be able to fly like one, certainly: but I suppose much of their life, like much of the lives of so many sea-birds, is really plain, cold, wet hell. Inquisitive like the puffins, the lovely creatures often come swooping past you to have a closer look, and as they pass you seem to see in their eyes all the huge empty loneliness of the Atlantic, and all its sadness.

But easily the most splendid of the sea-birds—a nobler example of brute-creation, I sometimes think, than the lion himself—is the gannet. It seems ridiculous that to describe something so beautiful one should be driven to man-made machines for a comparison, but so it is. Wild ducks may, in fact, outpace the gannet, but to the eye he is of all birds the nearest thing to a supersonic jet-propelled dive-bomber—functionally lovely but hellishly lethal. Six feet in span—you can measure them in the aeronautical section of the South Kensington Museum—his wings from above are the ultimate measure of whiteness: a blinding white, tapering to black-pointed tips. Everything about him tapers: his slender white body, his long tail-feathers, his outstretched neck, his terrible beak. To temper the uncompromising black and white of his livery his head is the softest canary yellow. To top it all off he wears the intensely dramatic make-up of a *prima ballerina*: the eye shaded dark steel-blue with a dark wedge carried forward; the curved yellow beak picked out in hard black outline; a single black line carried back to the gullet.

The Gannet's Deadly Trajectory

To say all of which is to describe no more than a stuffed bird in a case. It is in flight that he becomes magnificent. He strides through the air with wing-beats a little higher geared than one has ever seen before. Each beat takes him yards. In a moment or two he is a distant object, still large, but remote, at the further side of a bay. Yet the dazzle of white will attract the eye over a mile away as he wheels for his dive. From thirty or more feet up—if the sea is deep enough to receive him—he wheels, falls over on his back, and hurls himself seaward. It is no mere question of letting himself go; the plunge is more positive, more explosive, than that. He catapults himself down his deadly trajectory. Like a bomb-burst his impact flings up the spray. He cleaves the water, flies down through it almost as far as he has started above it. Unlike the tern or puffin, he can never be seen with his prey in his mouth. The force of his dive has carried it down his throat. He has fed already as he surfaces, swimming upwards with powerful wing-beats and taking off in a white line of foam.

Birds are your most constant companions in Shetland, as constant as the sea itself. They are indeed the beginning and end of a Shetland holiday, besides being your unfailingly lovely companions all through it. As the rocky bulwarks of Sumburgh Head dips astern and the steamer begins to wallow southwards through the tide-race of the Roost, they are all that is left of the wonderful weeks behind you—the puffins flickering, the fulmars skimming, the terns darting, the gannets plunging. It is their world: a clean world of wind and spray, a hard world to say good-bye to—but it is always waiting for your return.—*Home Service*

Two Acute Linguists

HAROLD NICOLSON on H. W. and F. G. Fowler

A CENTENARY which, to my mind, has not been accorded sufficient notice is that of the birth of H. W. Fowler, author of *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage*. He collaborated with his younger brother, Francis George Fowler, in writing that excellent book *The King's English* and in compiling the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*. Francis Fowler died in 1918 at the age of forty-seven from an illness contracted during the first world war. Yet already they had collected material for that classic work *Modern English Usage* and had entered into partnership together in what was no pedantic encyclopaedia but an admirable guide book, composed with scholarship, wit, and common sense. I do not always agree with Fowler and I often violate some of his principles: yet I always keep in stock a neatly bound copy of *English Usage* and present it to my younger friends when they marry or go to live abroad. It is a work which expands knowledge and provides unfailing amusement; it is one of the best bed-side books that I know; and it teaches us to be tolerant of the literary eccentricities of our contemporaries and to condemn nothing except pedantry and affectation.

A Living Form of Expression

The Fowler brothers rightly laid it down that language was no static body of laws or enactments, but a living organic form of expression which must continually refresh itself with new forms of speech and year by year borrow new words and phrases from foreign countries. They contended that language had been accorded to us in order to enable us to convey our thoughts to others, and that in its very essence and origin it needed to be clear, simple, and easily understood. It may be that they exaggerated their theory that an elaborate style was invariably a bad style, since if this principle were pushed to its extreme we should have to dismiss such splendid stylists as Burton, Bacon, Cowley, Milton, Carlyle, Meredith, Walter Pater, and Kipling as second-rate writers, which they assuredly were not. But the principle that one should always seek to say things as simply and as clearly as possible is an admirable principle, and especially valuable to those beginners who have not yet evolved a lucid style of their own. And the illustrations which the Fowlers give as violations of this principle convince us, often to our shame, that the ornaments which we introduce into our prose, and which seem to us such pretty little objects of decoration, are all too often introduced for purposes of vanity or self-display.

Let me first consider some of the devastating exposures that they make in *English Usage* (and when I say 'they' I mean both the brothers, since in fact the spirit of Francis Fowler inspired the work even after his death), exposures of those little oddments of pedantry or affectation that become bad habits in even the best writers. The Fowlers had an unerring eye for all the elegancies of language which writers introduce in order to show off or to convince the reader of their superior culture and refinement. Even the most honest and humble writers must, when they turn the lively pages of *The King's English* or *English Usage*, suffer pangs of shame. Let me give examples, and you will admit that some of them at least have made your conscience squirm.

The Fowlers were anything but prigs, and they realised that many of those who taught prose style to schoolboys laid down rules that were contracting and oppressive. There was one excellent rule that I was taught and which I still try to follow, namely that one should never employ adjectives or adverbs unless they really elucidate your meaning. Always I go through the draft of anything I have written and cross out such otiose epithets or adverbs, and I have found that when I am in a good mood these eliminations are seldom necessary, but that when I am tired or in a hurry the unnecessary adjectives and adverbs abound.

So that is a good rule that we were taught at school and one of which the Fowlers would certainly approve.

But there were other rules that have often struck me as harmful and unnecessary. Let me give three instances. I was told that I should never use the same word twice in a sentence or even twice in ten lines. Now that is a dangerous rule, partly because the repetition of a word often gives it necessary emphasis, and partly because the nervous avoidance of repetition may lead the writer into what the Fowlers call 'elegant variation'. Thus one might write 'The chair was taken by Sir Philip Magnus. The worthy baronet began by saying . . .' Obviously 'the worthy baronet' is an elegant variation, meaningless in itself, and introduced merely to avoid the repetition of 'Sir Philip'. Another wrong rule was that in no circumstances should one use a preposition at the end of a sentence or write such a phrase as 'What are you scolding me for?' Sir Winston Churchill, that mighty stylist, once became annoyed by the Civil Service habit of adhering too slavishly to this convention. 'It is one', he minuted ironically, 'up with which I shall not put'. Then I was taught that never in any circumstances must I split an infinitive. But I agree with the Fowlers that it is an error to become what they call 'a non-split die-hard'; and there are occasions, as when one writes 'to languorously resume', when to split the infinitive adds meaning to the phrase.

The Fowlers were opposed to any form of vulgarity. They realised that the slang words or abbreviations of one generation often became the current language of the next. I had an aunt who used to reprove me for using such terms as 'lunch', 'bus', or 'The Times', and to this day I find myself sometimes saying 'luncheon', 'omnibus', or 'The Times newspaper'. The rule should be, I think, that in speaking one should use such slang as comes naturally to one but that in writing one should always only use expressions that have really become embedded in one's native language. Above all, one should never use foreign slang in order to demonstrate one's familiarity with the language since nothing is so absurd as to employ the slang expressions of forty years ago. It would be as silly for me today to use the slang words that I have heard Proust use in 1918 as it would be for a Frenchman today to talk about 'swells' or 'rotters'.

'Wardour Street English' and 'Critics' Jargon'

What the Fowlers attack is language employed in what they call 'pride of knowledge'. Thus technical terms should be used only when addressing a technical audience, and the use of such expressions as 'nostalgic', 'homoeopathic', 'sartorial' should carefully be avoided. In English, moreover, largely owing to the influence of Dickens and Calverley, there is a frequent tendency to indulge in polysyllabic humour and to think it smart to use such pleonasm as 'olfactory organ' for 'nose', or 'cachinnation' for 'laughter', or 'terminological inexactitude' for 'lie'. Often the desire to show off leads writers to employ archaic words. I have myself used 'couth' as the opposite of 'uncouth', and shall continue to do so. But I hope I shall never indulge in what the Fowlers call 'Wardour Street English' and use such archaisms as 'anent', 'howbeit', 'no whit less', or 'perchance'. As they again and again point out, good old English may be bad modern English. But I am ashamed when I consider how often in my reviews there recur words, such as 'charm', 'concision', 'distinguished', or 'sympathetic', which the Fowlers denounce—rather harshly I feel—as 'critics' jargon'.

These acute linguists are at their best when they consider the use and misuse of foreign expressions. It is curious to observe that in their earlier book, *The King's English*, the first edition of which was published in the reign of King Edward VII, they condemn as inadmissible Americanisms such verbs

(continued on page 622)

NEWS DIARY

April 1-8

Tuesday, April 1

Economic Survey for 1958 published
Commons debates Malta

Wednesday, April 2

Government to introduce new measure to ease position of tenants faced with hardship under Rent Act
London busmen say they will strike on May 5 if agreement is not reached on their wage dispute
Mr. Khrushchev arrives in Budapest
Treasury announces that our gold and dollar reserves last month reached highest level for three years

Thursday, April 3

Mr. Macmillan tells Commons that there is new specific evidence that nuclear tests could 'almost certainly' be held in secret
Sir John Elliot, Chairman of London Transport, has meeting with Mr. Frank Cousins, leader of T.G.W.U., about threatened bus strike
President Eisenhower puts forward proposals for reorganisation of U.S. Defence Department to achieve greater unification of armed forces

Friday, April 4

Mr. Nehru rejects United Nations mediator's proposals on Kashmir
Snow falls in Scotland and northern England

Saturday, April 5

Cold weather with rain, snow, and sleet spoils many holiday events
Mr. Khrushchev sends message to President Eisenhower asking him to 'follow Soviet initiative' by ending nuclear tests
Biggest non-atomic explosion ever made by man blows up rock dangerous to shipping off west coast of Canada

Sunday, April 6

Maltese Prime Minister, Mr. Mintoff, speaking in Valetta, reaffirms that Malta will demand her independence unless Britain accepts his terms for integration
British and American 'good offices' representatives in Franco-Tunisian dispute leave Tunis after six weeks of negotiation for another meeting with French Prime Minister

Monday, April 7

The Prime Minister accepts an invitation to go to Ottawa after his visit to the U.S.A. in June
Russia and Egypt sign barter trade agreement valued at over £3,500,000

Tuesday, April 8

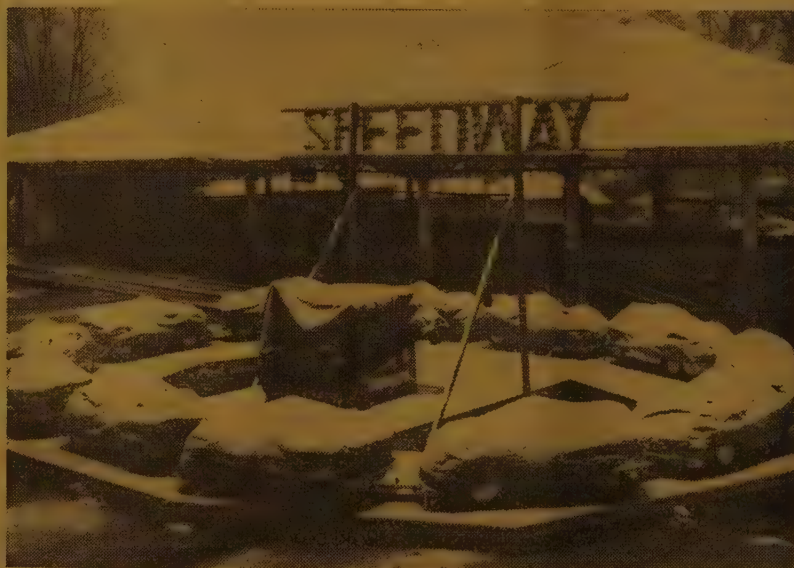
President Eisenhower in a letter to Mr. Khrushchev says that abolishing nuclear weapons is more important than ending tests
Soviet Union and Federal German Republic conclude trade and consular agreement
B.B.C. announces important development in television whereby moving pictures can be recorded on magnetic tape



Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the United Nations, photographed with the Prime Minister during his visit to this country last week



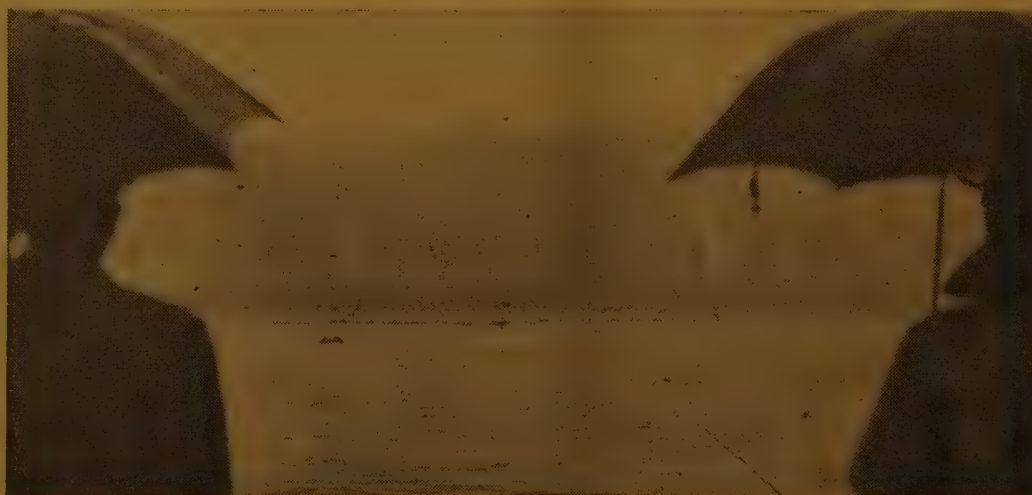
Mr. John Diefenbaker, the Canadian Prime Minister, whose Progressive Conservative Party won victory in the recent General Election. The margin was the biggest in Canadian history



Desolate scene at Hampstead Heath fairground on Easter Saturday. Snow, torrential rain and cold winds made the Easter holiday weekend the worst of the century



Demonstrators setting out nuclear disarmament plant at Aldermaston, Berkshire



Two spectators who braved Saturday's downpour watching the start of the Boat Race at Putney, Cambridge, who led throughout, won by three-and-a-half lengths. The towpaths, usually packed with onlookers, were comparatively deserted

A two
Righ
Cup



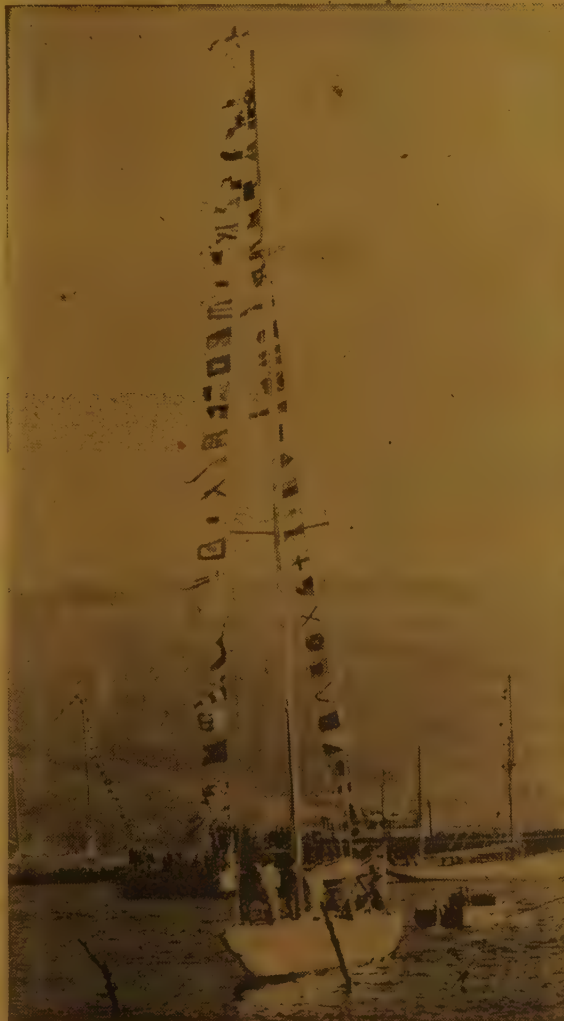
The Queen's table during the dinner held at Fighter Command headquarters, Stanmore, Middlesex, on April 1 to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the Royal Air Force. Between the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh is Mr. George Ward, Secretary of State for Air; on Princess Margaret's left, Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Newall



Princess Margaret reviewing Centurion tanks of the Third Hussars in Munster, Germany, on March 29. It was the last occasion for the Princess to see this regiment as its Colonel-in-Chief before its amalgamation with the Seventh Hussars



Friday from London on a four-day march to the atomic protest against the manufacture of nuclear weapons



Sir Winston Churchill, who has recently recovered from a second attack of pneumonia and pleurisy, arriving at London Airport from the Riviera on April 3. With him is Lady Churchill



tapir photographed with his mother at Zurich Zoo. He is the first to be born there for twenty years

the British yacht built to compete in the America's Cup, held off Rhode Island next September, photographed launching at Holy Loch, Scotland, on April 2

(continued from page 619)

as 'placate', 'antagonise', and 'transpire', which to our minds seem wholly naturalised. American slang, which aims generally at shortening and popularising sophisticated expressions, is often of great value. Yet I doubt whether the Fowlers would admit such words as 'high-brow' or 'contact' or 'high-ups', still less 'executives', as aids to thought. They are perhaps too exacting in claiming that no foreign term should be used if there exists a good English equivalent, since I really do not agree that it is possible in English to convey the real significance of such terms as *Schadenfreude* or *gratin*. Yet they are rightly contemptuous of the prigs who insist that we should not use such expressions as *nom de plume* or *morale* merely

because we happen to know that they are not correct French. They have become as much part of the English language, although in incorrect form, as 'high-life' or a 'struggle for life' have become part of the French language. They have become naturalised, if bastard, expressions.

The Fowlers are excellent on the theme of what they call 'genteelisms', by which they mean the use for ordinary expressions of words or phrases that appear 'less soiled by the lips of the common breed'. Such words are 'commence' for 'begin', 'assist' for 'help', 'couch' for 'sofa', 'endeavour' for 'try', 'odour' for 'smell', 'proceed' for 'go', 'tipsy' for 'drunk', and countless others. The frequent use of such genteel expressions is always a sign of the second-rate stylist. It might be said even

that the best stylists, such as Winston Churchill, often vary the splendour of our words of Latin descent with short, sharp sentences composed mainly of Saxon monosyllables. But simplicity, in its turn, as the Fowlers often admit, can itself become a pose.

It all boils down to the fact that a professional writer of prose is bound, if he be any good, to create a style of his own; that this style is bound to include odd personal idiosyncrasies and cadences and some affectations; and that the writer, however old he may be, must from time to time read Fowler in order to check the bad habits that he may be acquiring. In any case, to turn the pages of *Modern English Usage* or *The King's English* is not an education only but also a delightful entertainment.

—General Overseas Service

Collecting New Issues of Stamps

By KENNETH F. CHAPMAN

FIFTY years ago the stamp collector interested in new issues enjoyed a leisured existence. Post offices the world over had not then acquired the habit of issuing new stamps on the slightest provocation—or even without any real excuse at all! Generally speaking, postal necessity was the guiding factor when new stamps were considered. Changing postal rates, the advent of a new monarch, or change of name following a territorial reshuffle provided the main reasons for new stamps.

Today it is very different. With new issues pouring off security presses all over the world, the collector is apt to be bewildered and throw up the sponge. He cannot keep pace with the output; it costs too much and he has not time to mount the stamps in his collection.

As a result, most collectors interested in new issues have been forced into what is best described as selective collecting. Few nowadays give their suppliers a 'blanket' order for everything. This has led to the rise of a new type of stamp dealer, the man who concentrates on supplying the new issues of a given group of countries such as, for example, Italy and its related territories—San Marino and the Vatican City.

A collector taking up some such group finds his interest growing in the older issues of his chosen territory which, of course, suits the dealer concerned, for he cannot make a living out of a restricted group of new issues, but with a supporting stock of earlier material he develops into a specialist dealer catering for those clients who become keen specialist collectors. This, in turn, has encouraged the publication of specialised catalogues which could not, in years gone by, have been a commercial proposition, because the demand did not warrant the expense of publication. Sticking to Italy as our example, the advent of a really fine annual, specialised, priced catalogue in 1957 will do much to spread the interest in the classic and middle issues of the old Italian states and kingdoms which pre-

ceded the formation of the modern country of Italy.

It is an axiom of philatelic practice that new issues at reasonable intervals keep the interest in their forerunners alive, and this is certainly the case with Italy. Although many of us are rather averse to the frequent appearance of new stamps from any one country it cannot be denied that many issues of the past five years

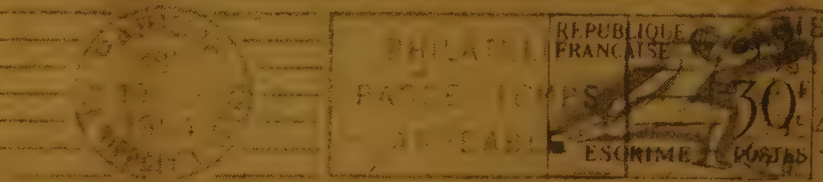
early issues. Belgium has since seen the light, and her new issue programme has now become more rational.

France has been much more sensible. Her new issues are frequent, but few carry any charity premium. The stamps correspond to necessary postal rates; they are generally pleasant pictorials and are keenly collected here in Britain. Incidentally, the French post office is the only one I know of which gives an official boost to the hobby by means of a slogan cancellation. The British public are periodically exhorted to buy savings stamps, use the telephone more, or renew their radio and television licences promptly. From time to time, Frenchmen find on their letters the reminder: '*Philatélie passe-temps agréable*'. The reason is, surely, that the French post office has so many different stamps to sell that an occasional boost like this is desirable.

Collectors particularly interested in the stamps of the British

Commonwealth have had a busy time during the past five years. In 1953 the change over to the Queen Elizabeth stamps began and it was not until early this year that the final set appeared, that for Turks and Caicos Islands. Thousands of collectors have taken all the issues, either up to the 1s. value or higher, according to the depth of their purses, and they can now look forward to some respite, except for the occasional commemoratives that come along from the Colonies and Dominions. If we mercifully forget the Commonwealth's biggest blunder, the colonial Silver Wedding sets of 1947 when the keen types had to weigh out £50 at one go, it can be said that the stamp-issuing programme has been kept within bounds.

The outstanding exception is the last Colony to become a Dominion—Ghana. The set of March 6 last year commemorating independence was understandable. The overprints on the old Gold Coast stamps were a necessity. The December issue commemorating the inauguration



Slogan for collectors used as cancellation on a French stamp. Right: French 18-franc stamp with one of the *châteaux* on the Loire, Cheverny



or so from the Italian countries have forged ahead on the market. Despite this, it behoves those countries who commemorate the slightest event with special stamps to take care. Soon after the war, Belgium got the bit between her teeth. Set after set arrived on the dealers' counters with monotonous regularity. Fine printing and attractive designs could not save the day for Belgium because so many of the stamps were in the 'charity' class: apart from the actual postal value of the stamps there was an additional sum charged, devoted to some national or local organisation. Stamp collectors are patient people—the very nature of their hobby ensures this—but even philatelic patience can become exhausted when collectors are invited to pay three, four, or five times the postal face value of new stamps in order to support a building fund for the restoration of an abbey, or for some similar occurrence of comparatively local interest. That is why Belgian stamps slumped so badly for a few years; and just because fewer collectors took up the new issues of Belgium there were fewer who worked backwards and became interested in the middle and

of the Black Star Shipping Line was, perhaps, the outcome of the natural enthusiasm of a young country setting up its first national venture. The first anniversary of independence has been the excuse for another recent commemorative issue and the conference of independent African Powers at Accra will see the issue of yet another series. Before long we can expect news of a pictorial set to replace the overprinted Gold Coast set, and at least one other series is already scheduled.

This is a heavy programme of new issues, obviously directed at the pockets of collectors, since the Government of Ghana has set up an agency in New York—in private commercial hands—to arrange for the world-wide distribution of its new issues outside Ghana. Of the commemorative issues, less than half the stamps are actually sent to Ghana for postal use. Further, the Ghana post office will not accept orders direct from any overseas dealer or collector. In establishing what many regard as a dangerous precedent among Commonwealth countries, Ghana has already blotted its philatelic copybook. All the other Dominions supply new issues direct from their head post offices or through such official agencies as the High Commissioner's Offices.

To get back to British Commonwealth new issues generally, the most remarkable trend is the collection of stamps from the various printings of one issue. The initial printing of a new issue for any Colony is planned to cover about a year's needs. As new printings become necessary there may be slight changes in shade or perforation. Beginning with the issues of King George VI, when war-time conditions resulted in considerable differences in shade, perforation, and paper from one printing to another, a much greater interest has been taken in this aspect of new issue collecting. Evidence of this comes from the publication, since the war, of a catalogue devoted exclusively to the British Commonwealth issues of King George VI and the present reign. Far greater detail is given in this publication than in the general catalogues, including illustrations of small, constant varieties on printing plates or cylinders, and services catering for this type of collecting have become an established feature of philatelic trading.

One remarkable aspect of the new issue market is the range of commission rates charged. These vary from 7½ per cent. over face value to as much as 20 per cent., and it is up to each individual collector to decide on the most satisfactory service for the charge made. It must be remembered that in some cases a new printing may be made and the entire stock sent to the Colony instead of a proportion being held in London for distribution to the trade. In such circumstances, a new issue service being offered at a low commission may not have the organisation and resources to ensure that a local agent in the Colony secures supplies of the new printing for return to this country. When a firm does offer a complete service, it has itself to pay a commission to the colonial agent, or bear the cost of cable instructions—plus advance pay-



Ghana 'Independence' stamp, with a view of the National Monument

ment for the stamps—to the Colonial Postmaster concerned. There are also the handling costs this end. These all add up, and what may appear to be a high commission charge to the collector is generally justified if the service offered is really comprehensive.

Another trend among collectors of Commonwealth new issues is a growing preference for used stamps. Services catering for this demand have to meet many difficulties. As far as the smaller Colonies are concerned there is only one way to obtain supplies promptly. That is to employ on-the-spot agents who will fix the new stamps to addressed envelopes and post them back to the dealers just as soon as the stamps appear. But supplies of envelopes in such places as St. Helena, Tristan da Cunha, the Seychelles, and other remote spots would not stand the strain, and so dealers have to export quantities of addressed envelopes months in advance and instructions have to be given as to the denominations to be attached to each envelope. Funds have to be sent well in advance by post, or cabled a day or two before the stamps go on sale in the Colony. There is also the hazard of the stamps being damaged in the post or even being ripped off the envelopes by a philatelically inclined postal official somewhere along the transit route. Used new issues obtained in this way, therefore, cost a good deal over the face value of the stamps.

When short-lived commemorative issues appear, collectors of used new issues are well advised to make sure of them at the start and be prepared to pay the appropriate commission over face value, but it seems to me that some collectors are too impatient so far as new definitive issues are concerned. It is much more fun to pick up odd values as they gradually accumulate in stocks built up from commercial, as distinct from philatelic mail. True this means that if there is an unheralded change of colour, or withdrawal of an odd denomination through changing postal rates, then the more patient collector may have to pay more for one or two stamps to complete his set. To compensate for this, the values remaining in general use will come his way at prices lower than those asked by used new issue services. Complete sets on first-day covers have, to me at least, a made-to-measure air about them. Surely, too, it is most unwise to rush for used new issues from the bigger Colonies and Dominions. In these cases—apart, possibly, from some of the commemorative issues—commercially used stamps soon become available at prices below face value—so why pay over the odds for them on 'philatelic' covers?

Mint or used foreign new issues present other problems and the starting prices show an even greater variation as between one dealer and another. Until March 1 this year, currency restrictions made direct purchase by British dealers practically impossible. The trade had to rely on cumbersome barter transactions to secure supplies of foreign new issues, and the basic cost to any particular importer was governed by the cost to him of the material the overseas supplier was willing to accept in exchange. Fluctuating



Tristan da Cunha: typical of the pictorial stamps issued for the Colonies

currencies also play havoc with costings, so it is not surprising that foreign new issues vary considerably in price. As far as mint foreign new issues are concerned, the most practical advice is to watch the advertisement columns of the philatelic press and buy from the source which appears to combine reasonable prices and prompt delivery. On the whole, there is a greater chance of missing a foreign new issue because of the tendency of foreign countries to place commemorative sets on general sale for a very restricted period. Against this, the interest in a foreign new issue tends to taper off quickly in Britain so that any dealer's surplus stock will not rise rapidly in price. A little patient searching may unearth an issue which has been missed.

Used foreign new issues—especially commemoratives—can be elusive. Almost every issue results in souvenir first-day covers and the chances of commercially used specimens turning up are slight. Most of the small foreign countries reckon to sell almost the entire output of commemorative stamps to philatelists. Business houses just carry on using the current definitive issues—or employ meter franking machines.

The dealer setting out to provide a comprehensive new-issue service has to have considerable courage and good financial resources. The collector interested in new issues has to take the rough with the smooth and, by trial and error, decide on the best source of supply for his particular needs.—*Network Three*

Song for a Wren

Today, to be alone with care
Who hates a crowd, I set my chair
Under some vines when two cock wrens
Came foraging along the fence—

The first in grey, for his red bill
Still showed the yellow of the shell;
His friend I knew—this bird would sing
A song of satin in the spring,

But now how altered! What mishap
Had rubbed the lustre from his cap
And rich black jacket? 'Come, sir, tell
A friend why you are down at heel?'

'Friend', said the bird—a thing so frail
Might be caught up by any gale
And no one notice . . . 'Friend', said he,
'The season's not been kind to me'.

'Not kind to you?' I cried, 'My sheep
Produce no wool; the dams dry up;
My careful pastures, once so green,
Lie wincing under wind and sun.

'Not kind! And has the hollow south
Sucked hemispheres into its mouth
To whistle just for you, obsessed
By one pin-feather in your breast?

'The sun itself . . .' Choosing my words,
I paused, my eye upon the bird's,
When something mocking in his tone
Told me my case was as his own.

But why this lightness? I had shared
My sorrow with a tiny bird
And eased my heart. With lidded eye,
He sang; and this is my reply.

DAVID CAMPBELL

African Encounter

The Walking Dead

By CHRISTOPHER HARWICH

I FIRST met the 'Walking Dead' in 1942. It happened like this. I had been on leave in the Union where I had bought a car. As I could not get a passage for it and myself back to Mombasa I decided to drive back to Uganda by the then little known route through Ruanda Urundi. I was driving alone, and although the rains had started everything went well through the Rhodesias. I spent a couple of restful days watching the miracle of the Victoria Falls, and then pushed to Elizabethville. After that I was literally 'in the bush'. The local officials admitted to there being a road to Costermansville but, what with the war and one thing and another, nobody had been along its whole length for some time. 'M'sieur could try if he wished, but . . .'. At this point they invariably shrugged their shoulders.

Into the Ditch

I set off. On the fourth day, it happened. There was a nice, straight bit of road through the forest. For once the sun was shining, for once there were no bone-destroying corrugations. The red gravel stretched invitingly ahead. I do not know whether it was because I had had eighteen hours at the wheel the day before, or whether the edge of the road was soft after all the rain; anyway, I found myself sliding along with two wheels in a wide and mucky ditch, the car just not scraping the other bank. Eventually the car stopped through sheer weight of mud. I clambered out through the uphill door and surveyed the scene.

Miraculously, nothing vital seemed to have been broken, both axles appeared to be where the manufacturers intended them to be, the radiator was intact, and the wireless still poured out dance music from the Congo Belge station. It was obvious, however, that I could not get out of the mess under my own power. Then I remembered seeing a small jumble of African huts a few minutes before the crash, and I walked back.

The headman spoke Swahili. He was friendly, he was prepared to help. When I reflected that there might not be another car that way in days the price he asked did not seem unreasonable. We walked back to the car followed by all the able-bodied men and boys armed with hoes, axes, rope, and anything else that might conceivably be useful, including a large quantity of sugar cane for the inner man. At a respectful distance followed half the women of the village shouting encouragement and advice interspersed with pointed personal remarks about my appearance. We reached the car and the procession halted abruptly. A large black pool emerged from under the running board. It flowed silkily across the red gravel and disappeared into the bush. 'Oh, lord', I thought, 'the sump's gone'. But the headman knew better. 'Siafu', he grunted. 'Soldier ants'.

A bolder spirit than the rest seized hold of a bumper and tugged. A split second later he was a hundred yards up the road pulling red hot pincers off his back and shrieking like all the

apes in hell. The rest turned round silently and followed him.

'I am very sorry, Bwana', said the headman, bemoaning the loss of a month's pay for an hour's work. I compensated him adequately, and then I was alone. I sat down on a tree stump and moodily contemplated the ants. I knew just what they could do. It was not long since that I had stood by the side of a cattle compound and counted the gleaming white skeletons of twenty head of cattle that had been literally eaten alive in one night by just such a column before the very eyes of their terrified and helpless owners. Fortunately the car doors and windows were shut and the floor was solid steel, or there would soon have been precious little of the upholstery or my possessions left.

Then I looked up to see the most extraordinary apparition in front of me. A tall, slender African wearing a sheet of bark cloth thrown toga-like over one shoulder, and a massive sun-helmet of antique origin. On his feet were sandals, obviously cut from an old lorry tyre, and in one hand he carried a rod of some reddish wood almost as tall as himself. I noticed that it was curiously carved. His skin was a lightish brown, the features finely chiselled, the nose was straight and, most unusual for an African, he sported a short trim beard flecked with grey. I learned later that his name was Paulo Kibugwe. He reminded me vaguely of the ancient Egyptians. To my astonishment he spoke to me in fluent French. Then it occurred to me that being in Belgian territory it was no more odd for an African to speak French than for one of my own people to speak English. I could not cope, and answered in Swahili which, fortunately, he understood. I explained what had happened and asked if he knew where I could find help. He motioned behind him and I saw eight porters—or so I assumed them to be—squatting in the road beside their head loads. They were remarkably silent—even for a tired crew, I thought. But it was their skin that I particularly noticed. Instead of being black, firm, and shiny, it was a dirty sort of grey—like a piece of rubber that has lain out in the sun for months, dead, lifeless. . . . I stifled the thought.

Silent Workers

Paulo spoke to them in some dialect I could not understand, and they rose to their feet and shuffled forward like so many robots. Then—it was just incredible; without the slightest hesitation they walked straight into the swarming stream of ants. And the ants? They opened up their ranks to let the porters through and closed ranks again paying no attention to the naked, shuffling feet. The porters lowered themselves into the ditch, four at the front and four at the back of the car; they seized hold of the bumpers and with one colossal heave lifted it straight up and sent it slithering across the road. They clambered out. Not one of them had spoken a word, or, as far as I could see, given a signal. Never before or since have I seen

such a spontaneous concerted effort by Africans. I would have expected that fifty Africans tugging, straining, yelling, and generally getting into each other's way might have dragged the car out in a couple of hours, but this—it was fantastic. These people were not even panting. I looked round at Paulo. He stood there quietly smiling, but otherwise unmoved. I began to thank him for his help and offered to reward his porters.

'That wouldn't do, that wouldn't do at all', he murmured in Swahili. Then, raising his hat with a truly magnificent flourish, he said, '*Au revoir, M'sieur, bon voyage*', and stalked off down the road followed by his heavily laden porters. For the first time, as they passed me, I noticed their eyes: lustreless and unwinking, they stared straight ahead. They were either blind or doped, I thought as I watched them out of sight.

I returned to the car, now mercifully out of reach of the ants, who were still pouring across the road, and inspected the damage. Apart from a slightly bent track rod everything seemed to be in order. I poured myself out some strong black coffee from a vacuum flask, and then went on with my journey. The steering was a bit erratic, so it was already dark by the time I reached the mission house where I hoped to find shelter for the night.

The Drink that Wasn't Offered

A couple of hours later, after a meal that would not have disgraced any hotel in Europe, I was comfortably esconced on Father Vanden's balcony relating the extraordinary happenings of the day. When I had finished he pulled noisily at his pipe for a minute before remarking: 'You were lucky. You were very lucky he didn't offer you a drink'.

'Well, I don't suppose I would have taken it, anyway', I said. 'But supposing I had?'

'You wouldn't be sitting here now'.

'Good lord. Do you mean he would have poisoned me and pinched my gear?'

'Well, no, not exactly. He wouldn't actually have killed you—and he wouldn't exactly have stolen your kit, because you . . . you would have been carrying it down the road for him like the other eight "Walking Dead"'. He seemed to think the idea funny.

'Do you mean those men were in fact dead?', I said.

'Well, that's the trouble. You see, we can't prove it. We can never get hold of them for a medical test. The chiefs and villagers won't go near 'em—for which I don't blame 'em—and whenever the police appear they're always attacked by swarms of those wicked great ants. By the time they get clear of them Paulo and his "Walking Dead" have vanished'.

'But what's the point?' I asked. 'Who is this man, how does he get people like that, and what does he do with them?'

'I'll tell you. Paulo is the son of a highly respectable and very popular chief. After finishing at the seminar at Leopoldsville he went to

the University at Brussels to study law. A couple of years later he returned in a hurry when the authorities discovered that he had been initiating some of the undergraduates into the mysteries of African black magic'. Vanden looked at me. 'You understand? Some of the less pleasant mysteries. On his return to Ruanda Paulo set himself up in business as a professional black-mailer. Even today in an African society where graft and corruption still flourish, where the fear of the supernatural still influences men's thoughts and deeds, and where the people are not quite as moral as we would like to think they are, there is great scope for a skilful and unscrupulous blackmailer. Particularly . . . er . . . particularly when the blackmailer is known to be in league with the devil. When his victims refused to pay, or having been bled white were just unable to raise any more money by hook or by crook, peculiar things happened to their families and to themselves'.

The priest rose to his feet. 'Let's go for a little walk'.

In traditional African style we lingered for a while on his well-kept lawn and returned lightened and refreshed. Father Vanden settled himself back in his chair and relit his pipe.

'Yes, peculiar things', he continued. 'People's

houses caught fire for no apparent reason. Sometimes it happened by night, then it wasn't so good. Children were stillborn, not only of one wife—and this, of course, was very strange—but of all a man's wives. Sometimes his cattle would die and his crops wither. People soon learnt that it did not pay to ignore Paulo's demands. Then, when everything really had gone and there was nothing left except life itself, the victim would go to Paulo to make one last plea. Invariably he returned home, walking like a man in a trance, sat silent in his hut for an hour or two and then laid himself down and died—just like that—or seemed to'. He turned to me. 'In Africa, as you well know, the dead are not kept for long; they are usually buried the same day. But when the sorrowing relatives went to the place of burial the following morning they would find the grave opened and the body gone'.

I shivered. 'Go on', I said.

'Well, some time later on, the relatives would be working in the fields or cutting timber in the forest, and they would see a familiar figure coming towards them. It would be their dead kinsman, whom they themselves had buried, walking with unseeing eyes and ears that would not have listened to their voices—even if they

had stayed to speak to him. They would flee, and none of them would have the courage to return to the place again. How did he do it? Well, one of his victims, who wasn't quite so completely doped as the others when he got home, said that soon after reaching Paulo's house he suffered a terrible thirst and gladly accepted a drink which Paulo himself prepared and offered to him. He noticed that the drink was certainly cool and refreshing but that it had a peculiar burnt sort of taste. After drinking it he remembered nothing more until he found himself at home again. So you see', said Vanden, 'you really were very lucky that he didn't offer you a drink'.

It was broad daylight by the time I awoke next morning, and the Father's apprentice blacksmiths had already straightened out the track rod and replaced it. Vanden came to see me off, loading the car with enough fruit and food to feed a platoon. He leaned in at the window and said: 'I forgot to tell you last night, Captain, that Paulo always carries his potion in a hollowed rod of wood which he has carved himself with mystic symbols of great potency. Goodbye, and good luck'.

I thanked him and set the car for home. I saw no more ants on that journey.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—I think that Mr. Stein is mistaken. From the knowledge that a certain kind of action is 'intrinsically wrong' one cannot, I maintain, draw the conclusion he wishes, *viz.*, that we must *not* act ever in a way that includes any action—or the threat of any action—of that intrinsically wrong kind. For suppose that all other possible courses of action involve doing other things that are intrinsically wrong and involve them in a much greater measure than did the course of action originally considered. Then surely one would have to choose that first course of action as the lesser of two evils. Nor is this an idle hypothesis. Any morally responsible government must decide in something like the above fashion when it declares war, since all war involves, in some measure, the indiscriminate destruction of some human and animal life; and surely there have been—if only very few—unquestionably just wars.

I do not think, however, that such refined casuistic considerations are really pertinent to our problem: for I do not see anything intrinsically wrong in the policy which I defended in my previous letters and which amounts to seeking to abandon the bomb—but on conditions which will really lead to a lessening of the dangers which the existence of the bomb implies. The great danger is not our possession of a relatively few nuclear bombs, but the continuing nuclear arms race between the two great military blocs, with the spread of nuclear arms to other nations as an ever-growing additional risk. The policy which I have defended starts from the question: given the existence of a British nuclear armament, what is the best thing that we as a nation could do towards halting the present genocidal nuclear arms race? And, as a first step, I have expressed the belief that here as elsewhere in politics a clear-cut offer on

definite conditions is likely to bring in better results than an isolated gesture that smacks equally of self-righteousness and defeatism.

This of course is a political judgement, and as such it may well be mistaken. (Perhaps even with the most intelligent, honest and imaginative leadership we could ask for, Britain could not succeed in the role that I have envisaged; though I see no point in despairing about this policy until we have experienced the leadership that it requires.) What I want to urge here, however, is that some such political judgement ought to accompany any moral demands that the ordinary citizen voices in connection with public affairs. It is of the first importance that we ordinary citizens should continue to express our deep moral concern about nuclear disarmament; but I could wish that we could all of us express it in politically tangible and assessable terms. After all, to implement even the most idealistic schemes for international improvement would always involve a certain amount of political bargaining in the end.

Even more important is the fact that if the ordinary citizen does not tailor his political demands and aspirations to political realities, someone else is certain to do it for him. (We may think of the ways in which pacifist ideals have often been 'kidnapped' by Quislings and other quitters, or of how traditional patriotism is being exploited today in the Washington-London-Moscow poker-game, with its bombs for cards and mankind for the chips.) Lastly, if we do not keep our eyes firmly on political realities we are always liable to the danger of Pharisaism; we become more interested in the grounds of our own righteousness than in the task that faces us—to try to prevent men from destroying each other, and this time for ever.

I hope that these remarks go some way to meeting the criticisms not only of Mr. Stein but

of Miss Anscombe, in so far as her letter referred to me.—Yours, etc.,

Castleward

W. B. GALLIE

Fowler's Toils

Sir,—Is Dr. Quirk (*THE LISTENER*, March 6) being quite fair to Fowler? The necessity for a search through the 740 pages of *Modern English Usage* to find the required 'full-length essay' may be obviated, with a little luck, if the reader will refer to the useful and comparatively short alphabetical list of general articles (as distinguished from those on individual words) that appears at the beginning of the work. Here will be found 'Unequal yoke-fellows' in the company of some equally recon-dite brethren, including 'Battered ornaments' and 'Pairs and snares'. If 'Slipshod expansion' does not produce the desired information then either 'False scent' or 'Swapping horses' must surely do so.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

R. W. C. COCKSEGE

'Survey of London'

Sir,—In your very kind review (*THE LISTENER*, April 3) of Volume XXVII of the *Survey of London* there is one point on which I am afraid your readers may be misled. There has been no change in the aim of the Survey to record the historic fabric of the whole County of London; but the Council has decided that as Westminster, St. Marylebone, Holborn, and parts of Stepney contain a high proportion of the best buildings in London the published record of these central areas should be completed before that of the outer districts, whose buildings are in general not so important. I am sorry the wording of the announcement of this decision should have caused misunderstanding.—Yours, etc.,

The County Hall,
London, S.E.1

T. H. W. SHEPPARD
General Editor

Art

Round the London Galleries

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

THE jubilee of the Artists' International Association is celebrated not with one exhibition but with three, all at the RBA Galleries: a historical exhibition, a sample of current art, and a selection of foreign artists chosen by ballot among the members. The result is a mess which does less than justice to the position the AIA has occupied in the art world of London. Formed in 1933, the Association was political in origin, its members committed to the communist revolution in which they optimistically believed artists had a part. During the war this position was generalised to (i) the fight against fascism and (ii) a concern with the artist in society. Since the war it has continued as an artists' co-operative with any surviving communists outvoted by the non-political majority. All this could have provided a fascinating survey of the decline of art and commitment in Britain: the page of scrap-book turns. As such it would have contributed precise information towards the study of modern British art which we all stand in need of. In fact, Andrew Forge has drafted the historical position of the early AIA (1933-45) in the catalogue ('a popular front of styles') but he has failed to translate it into visual form in the RBA. Despite the presence of Graham Bell's 'Café', Julian Trevelyan's 'Symposium', and Patrick Carpenter's 'Death of Peri', there are not enough representative works, loaded with the ideas of the period. The social-realist graphic artists, whose commitment extended beyond the frame of unique easel paintings, are most inadequately shown, in a dusty glass-topped table in the centre of the first gallery.

The present day is covered by a selection of paintings by members and non-members, whose hanging fees probably made the whole exhibition possible. The best painting is by Henry Mundy, a brilliant work which shines through a heap of low-temperature abstract art. It is a large painting with patches of pale, bright colour, among which incisive drawing fixes points of reference, such as furniture and tiled floor. These forms spring forward where his line touches the canvas, fading or clipped short where his brush leaves the canvas, so that drawing becomes as much a gesture as the improvisatory spread of paint. The popularity poll of foreign artists represents, says the President of the AIA, the taste of artists not 'dealers, critics, or administrators'. However, over half the pictures are familiar, some seen very recently in dealers' shows, and most of the celebrities are poorly

represented, though a De Kooning pastel is worth looking out for. Though one can guess at the difficulties of dominating a co-operative effort, some form of efficient administration was needed for such a big exhibition. Then it might have amounted to more than a flawed history, a stifling pile of average abstract art, and a hackneyed anthology of foreign artists.

'AIA 25' is so disappointing because it missed an opportunity to substantiate a phase of British art one only knows generally, or in

made by Action Painters in America and by the artists of *art autre* in Paris. The other way was to save existing styles by patching them together, by a labour of synthesis. As Bernard Dorival put it: 'Thus French painting dared to merge fauvism and cubism, associate the colour of one with the form and understanding of space of the other'. Colquhoun, though he reached such a position independently of contemporary France, is, stylistically, a sort of solid Pignon. However, it is clear from this exhibition, as it is from developments in Paris, that the synthesis of the 'forties failed to provide a secure basis for subsequent work. Colquhoun's work of the 'fifties is brash and manneristic in its over-emphatic use of forms drained of meaning by repetition and combination. Two of the paintings of 1958, for example, Nos. 87 and 94, follow closely, but in a pretentious idiom, ideas of 1946.

Robyn Denny (Gimpel Fils) is a young painter who started with the new hand dealt by Action painting. He can use his paint without the linear or geometric conventions demanded by early modern art. Some of his paintings and collages employ ready-made notions of finish—suggesting slick or perfunctory resolutions



'Red Beat No. 6' by Robyn Denny: from the exhibition at Gimpel Fils

fragments. On the other hand, untiring thoroughness has its limits of usefulness, as the Robert Colquhoun exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery shows. His early work has been dug up, unimportant pictures have been brought from America, to make up an exhibition of 267 items, which is terribly heavy treatment for an artist of small stature. However, despite the dogged locating of pictures the catalogue lacks a bibliography, and though nothing important has been written on the artist it would have been convenient to have a list of reviews and reproductions to date. This is the second 'Heritage of Wyndham Lewis' exhibition at this gallery, the first being that of Merlyn Evans a few years ago. Robert Colquhoun painted Palmeresque landscapes in 1941, but in the following year he was influenced by Lewis. By 1944 he had arrived at the style everybody knew by heart in the last decade, gaunt women in which Lewis-type formalisation by sharp edges and long surfaces was made the carrier of Celtic pathos. Jankel Adler influenced Colquhoun strongly in this compound of geometry and expressionism.

It was generally felt in the nineteen-forties that modern art had reached a crisis and two main reactions followed from this insight. One course was to break entirely with the complicated apparatus of modern styles, the decision

of the act of painting; but at his best his work is rich and delicate. His paintings and collage-paintings recover in painterly terms the lyricism which in British art used to seem inseparable from landscape references.

Lucian Freud began as a kind of Sunday Fleming who gripped the world in bright fragments. Then, later in the 'forties, though keeping his quirky moods, he achieved a hard-won proficiency in the description of appearances. A selection of his early work fills out, and steals, a thin exhibition of new portraits at Marlborough Fine Art. Freud is a compulsive painter, given to the elaboration of tiny forms and perfect surfaces. He lures the spectator close to the portrait, as for an embrace, there to repel him by the desert of the face with its falling skin, rising veins, cracking lips. When his technique was linear his method matched his intention, but the new portraits reveal a disastrous interest in painterly values. This does not mean that colour and atmosphere sweep across the heads, unifying each hair and crease. It means that the richer pigment he uses is subjected to the same obsessional fussing as his line, so that it takes on a weird surface animation. Although the features of each sitter are located as precisely as ever, the elaborated paint turns the head into a soggy mass, like wet bread.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Oliver Goldsmith

By Ralph M. Wardle. Constable. 25s.

BIOGRAPHERS HAVE FOUGHT SHY of Goldsmith; no life of him has appeared this century, a remarkable fate and one which cannot have been the lot of any other writer of his eminence. Partly this is due to lack of sources. Until Goldsmith met Boswell the material is very scanty, a few stray letters (brilliantly edited long ago by Mrs. Balderston), a mention here and there in memoirs and the press, and the anecdotes, frequently unreliable, collected by Percy. But lack of sources is only half the story; flimsier materials have bred longer biographies. The main trouble is Goldsmith himself. He was not a good man. He did not even aspire to be a good man. Neither was he tragic; nor was he consumed, like Johnson, with inner torments. He was not particularly successful; he lacked both the dedication of the artist and the temperamental weight of the moralist. He was not a highly intelligent man and had no scholastic ability. His private life appears to lack much interest—a dreary record of gambling, drinking, interspersed with the abundance of debts, acts of extravagance, and constant exhibitionism. His sex life was equally dull, confined probably to a little secret whoring. Time and time again he made a frightful ass of himself. He was constantly dishonest; treated his family shabbily and pillaged other men's writings with indifferent effrontery. Scholars have naturally preferred to criticise his works and ignore his life.

And now, at last, comes Mr. Wardle. The delicate pundits of the Sunday press have deplored his taste in calling Goldsmith 'Noll', sniffed at his grammar, and rapped him on the knuckles for suggesting that many of the absurd stories told about Goldsmith were due more to a failure on Dr. Johnson's part to appreciate light-hearted Irish wit than to Goldsmith's asininity. They have ignored the perception, the breadth of judgement and the wide humanity of this excellent book, so infinitely superior to anything published on eighteenth-century literature since James Clifford's *The Young Samuel Johnson*. No, this is an admirable book, in spite of a few verbs that would not get by Fowler, in spite of showing up Dr. Johnson as a bit of a bore, in spite of calling Goldsmith 'Noll'; in spite even of faulty construction and stretches of rather dull paraphrase of the essays, plays, brief lives, and histories that Goldsmith poured out to keep body and soul together.

Goldsmith was an unlucky man. His gifts as a creative writer were very great, greater probably than those of anyone, apart from Gibbon who lived in the middle decades of the eighteenth century, but they were wrong for his time. He was a realist in an age that preferred either gothic mystery or heavy sentiment. Not that he possessed the clear observational eye of a Defoe; Goldsmith's realism lies closer to the nineteenth century, to the realism of motive. His vivid comic strain, his sense of the broad comedy of human life such as Dickens delighted in, proved a handicap to his success. Indeed, Goldsmith would have been a brilliant novelist in the nineteenth century; as it was he frittered

his talents away in poetry, essays, histories, and came to be regarded as little more than a gifted ass by the solemn bores of Johnsonian England. In that heavy, portentous age his strange, disintegrated, tragic personality could find little of the overwhelming success that it needed to give it balance and security. That his circumstances bred a corroding envy is not in the least surprising. How could it be otherwise when, conscious of his exceptional talents, of the rarity of his genius, he had to play second fiddle to Dr. Johnson, a man whose creative ability was as small as his temperamental weight was elephantine. It is one of the great merits of Mr. Wardle's book that he rescues Goldsmith from the clutches of Boswell and Johnson and illuminates the strange, complex nature of their friendship in which envy was far from being all on one side.

Altogether, Mr. Wardle is to be congratulated on having written a sympathetic and illuminating biography of one of the most complex personalities of English literature.

Japan and her Destiny. By Mamoru Shigemitsu. Hutchinson. 30s.

Having been at the centre of affairs, either at home or abroad, from the time of the Manchurian outbreak in 1931 down to Japan's surrender fourteen years later, Shigemitsu considered it his duty to place on record all he knew of the fateful events of that epochal period and to give his countrymen the benefit of his views on them and on the principal participants. The resultant memoirs, now very ably translated into English by a former British Consular official, make a valuable contribution to history.

The translator has aptly added the sub-title *My Struggle for Peace*, for no one can read these pages without being struck by the dogged manner in which this quiet, unassuming Japanese statesman, whether as Ambassador in London, Moscow or Nanking or as Foreign Minister in Tokyo, strove throughout to obtain by peaceful and honourable means what his more chauvinistic compatriots sought to secure by force. In the prevailing circumstances this required moral and physical courage of a high order, and Shigemitsu showed these qualities in full measure. While negotiating to end the Shanghai hostilities in 1932 he was struck down by a terrorist's bomb, but insisted on signing the truce agreement in hospital before being wheeled away to have his leg amputated. In July 1941, when paying a visit to Tokyo from London to warn his government against becoming involved in the War and to emphasise his conviction that Britain would defeat Germany, he was labelled unpatriotic and was trailed by police spies accordingly. Later, as Foreign Minister, he again became suspect for advocating moderation. It was sadly ironical therefore that, although he had brought virulent criticism on himself for his efforts to ensure proper treatment for allied prisoners-of-war at a time when Japanese feelings were strongly aroused by the heavy civilian casualties caused by the bombing of Japanese towns and cities, he was arrested as a war criminal and imprisoned for failing to prevent

the ill-treatment of prisoners in Japanese hands. Had he written bitterly of this experience, none could have blamed him; but his comment is typical: 'The Tokyo Tribunal', he remarks, 'adjudged me guilty on this point. It is not for me to question their verdict'.

Two facts emerge particularly clearly from these memoirs—the complete control of Japanese affairs obtained by the fighting services, particularly by the middle-rank officers, and the fatal lack of co-ordination between Japan's leaders. This last is well illustrated by Tojo's admission, while in prison awaiting execution, to Shigemitsu, that although he was Prime Minister at the time, he knew nothing of the naval disaster at Midway until a month later.

Art and Reality. By Joyce Cary.

Cambridge. 18s. 6d.

Joyce Cary writes on the philosophy of art as an artist rather than as a philosopher, and as a novelist rather than as a painter (though he had some experience as a painter and his best-known novel is about a painter). Cary was always much concerned about the problems of art, or rather about what he conceived to be the central problem in all the arts, which is the problem of communication. He realised, with Croce, that art is intuition, but he could not accept Croce's further assertion that intuition and expression are the same thing. Like most novelists, Cary was primarily a moralist, but he was honest enough to admit that moral values are not the same thing as aesthetic values, and he wanted to discover a bridge between them. It seemed to him that the bridge must be conceptual: that the essential thing about a work of art is that it is work, a conscious constructive activity. The artist's problem is 'to translate his intuition into concept and his concept back into a vehicle which conveys the intuition'.

He came to the conclusion that the symbol served as the necessary bridge, but that it is a very fragile bridge. 'All symbols and symbolic systems must die, and their life tends to grow shorter as art education improves and the arts grow richer'. But the greater artist is the one who knows how to manipulate the symbol, perhaps to invigorate it, perhaps to invent it:

The essential power of the symbol resides in [its] very defects. For, as we have seen, its weakness is in its failure to be exact either as label, as concept—because it carries invariably association of feeling—or as consistent vehicle of emotion—because it is always sinking back into a mere sign. But since, however unstable, it combines both elements, it is the only means by which it is possible to achieve any unity between the knowledge of fact and the feeling about the fact, the machine and the soul, the universal consistencies and the individual character, so that they can be joined together in an ordered experience of the real which, we must suppose, includes them both in one total personal character of existence.

The symbol, therefore, is at once concept and experience, intuition and communication:

It is the ambivalence of the symbol that enables the artist, as teacher or expositor, as creator of meanings, to bridge the gap between

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the individual idea and the universal real of emotion, forming by art a personality which unites them both in a single active and rational will.

The theory thus ends in an identification of the aesthetic and the moral, which is acceptable so long as we assume, as Cary did, that the artist's sensibility is indivisible. But it is easy, especially if you are a novelist, to forget this identity of beauty and truth and to indulge in moral judgements—even to conclude, as Cary does, that 'we judge the value of the work finally by the revelation of a moral real'. Another philosopher might conclude that we judge the value of the work finally by the revelation of an aesthetic real. The terms, as always, remain ambiguous, but Cary knew that whatever words we may be compelled to use in discourse, in the creation of a great work of art there is always 'fundamental human nature' at work.

The Dual Site. By Michael Hamburger.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.
Monologue of a Deaf Man. By David Wright. Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.
Collected Poems. By Michael Roberts. Faber. 18s.

Mr. Hamburger's book leads to the reflection that poems are very often longer than they need be. Whether form be organic as Sir Herbert Read advocates, or as deliberate (should the word be inorganic) as the highly organised but often artificial methods of, say, Miss Movement or Mr. Maverick, the art of form is surely to present a poem with the maximum amount of content that the form will stand. Shakespeare's best sonnets are perfect examples of this: and it is a necessary preamble to the consideration of Messrs Hamburger and Wright. Both poets will ramble on. Indeed Mr. Wright says artlessly, or artfully, in the first two lines of a poem

The octosyllabic verse and I
Have never hit it off together

—but this can barely excuse the writing of some hundreds more lines of octosyllabic miss-hits. Mr. Hamburger does not blunder on so windily as Mr. Wright but still he is apt to write at a length dangerous to his ability to sustain interest. (e.g., 'A Gardener Explains his Absence from the Flower Show' or 'Narcissus'.) The fact is that both poets go on mechanically long after they have finished what they had to say. Mr. Hamburger is far the more accomplished of the two and some of his lyrics, where direct experience is transmuted into terms of art, such poems as 'Survivor's Song' or 'London Idyll', are first class. It is only in such oblique pieces as 'Bankrupt' or 'Philoctetes' (must we go on with these boring psychological glosses on Greek myth figures?) that he 'fails to please'. It is entirely true to say to Mr. Hamburger 'Cut, and come again'.

Mr. Wright is a personal poet. He has very considerable energy, but is inclined to confuse it with rhetoric or crudeness of language. His rhythms are rough and clumsy, and it is clear that he likes it that way. Hence he is a mannered poet, a bit of a bore if you don't like his attitude, a bit of a wag if you do. A poet who is truly personal, like Byron, transcends personality and becomes universal by the intensity of his self-absorption. What would we know of Byron's life if we knew nothing of it but 'Don Juan'?

Roy Campbell had more than a touch of the Byronic, and Mr. Wright, another South African, has his swash fairly well buckled too. But swash it is. Mr. Hamburger's objective, sometimes tedious, poems are at any rate poems in the sense that we are quite free from wanting to know or care about him. (One wants to know and care about any good poet—apart from his poems.) But Mr. Wright is too enwound in what he writes and when it is such a poem as 'An Invocation to the Goddess', the mixture of self-and-subject turns sour. He is too intent upon our knowing and caring who *he* is. That is the last thing a poet should be concerned with; or if he really wants us to be so concerned he should be far more intimate and personal, interesting and entertaining. As it is the poems go off—or rather they go on—half cock.

Mr. Wright, with Mr. Heath-Stubbs, is also one of Messrs. Fabers' arbiters of what twentieth-century poetry is worth anthologising. Long before he produced *The Faber Book of Modern Verse* Mr. Roberts had done something rather different. In the early 'thirties he had challenged the established kind of *London Mercury* taste which had been crying Wolfe Wolfe for some time. Mr. Roberts didn't find a poet about to tear him to bits, so he went out to seek them. His two anthologies, published by the Hogarth Press, put before the public poets who have since made their mark, which means that they can do a bit more than write their own names at the bottom of their poems. Anyone who loves poetry must always be grateful to Mr. Roberts. Now, after his untimely death, he has been honoured with a collected edition of his own work. He is a man to be remembered with great respect and it is a pity that the biographical note by Mrs. Roberts does not tell us more about him. He is worth a full-length study and it is into such a study that any critique of his own verse would best be fitted.

I Saw for Myself. By Anthony Nutting.
Hollis and Carter. 10s. 6d.
Journey into Chaos. By Paul Johnson.
MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.

Events are moving so quickly in the Middle East that any book on its problems runs the risk of being out of date even before publication. There have indeed been some substantial changes there since these two books appeared; yet the main problems of the area, as Mr. Nutting and Mr. Johnson describe them, remain much the same.

There is, in Mr. Nutting's book, a mixture of innocence and wisdom that gives it a peculiar although not unpleasant flavour. 'The most important thing I ever learned about the Middle East', he writes, 'is not to get hysterical about it.' He notes that trouble is brewing on both sides of the Persian Gulf and concludes that 'Britain must get out quickly from the perilous and anomalous position in which she is now placed.' All this is sound enough. But when he comes to Cyprus, Mr. Nutting loses his bearings. If the Turks and Greeks were to come into conflict over Cyprus, he writes, 'the Balkan Pact would collapse.' Surely that Pact has been as good as dead for some years. Mr. Nutting goes on to say that 'it should not be asking too much (of the Greeks) that they should abate their abuse of Britain and their propaganda for Enosis.' Surely, it has long been one of the chief

aims of British diplomacy in Greece to persuade the Greeks to do just that. And surely, too, Mr. Nutting's picture of President Nasser is dangerously over-simplified. Still, the merit of the book remains. Mr. Nutting went to see for himself. He might have seen a good deal more if he had spent less time with VIP's.

Mr. Johnson, with all the skill of a first-class reporter behind him, has produced a well-written and exciting book. He shares Mr. Nutting's views about the dangers of Britain's highly artificial position in the Middle East. He wants a rapid and orderly liquidation of British military commitments in the Gulf, preceded by pressure on the Ruler of Bahrain to draw up a constitution and to come to terms with his subjects. He goes further. He wants Britain to pull out of the Baghdad Pact; and in the light of recent developments and especially of the brooding crisis in Persia, there is clearly a great deal to be said for this course. Mr. Johnson's aim is to make Britain the patron of Arab nationalism, and so beat the Russians at their present game. That means abandoning our reliance upon the feudal power groupings there—and to that extent dissociating ourselves from the United States—and doing everything to mitigate the Arab-Israeli quarrel. *Journey into Chaos* is a stimulating and highly readable book.

Richard Coeur de Lion
By Philip Henderson. Hale. 21s.

Richard I, King of England, has for eight hundred years challenged a persisting attention. His career was bizarre, his character complex, and his reputation with posterity has undergone astonishing vicissitudes. Speaking no English, he did singularly little for the country he ruled, but he has been acclaimed as one of our national heroes. Was he the paladin who has attracted the admiration of Sir Winston Churchill? Or was he merely a ruler who neglected his responsibilities and squandered his inheritance—a prince who 'judged by the most moderate standards must be pronounced a bad king and a vicious man'?

Readers of Mr. Henderson's straightforward and readable biography can attempt to answer such questions for themselves. Here the whole of Richard's career is set out in detail, from the time when as Duke of Aquitaine he made war against his father, through the long and colourful wars he waged in Sicily, Cyprus and Palestine, back again to his imprisonment in Europe, and on at last to his strange death by a chance arrow outside the walls of Chalus. The whole narrative is excellently contrived, and, if the twelfth-century background is sometimes a little out of focus, the chief actors in the drama are well portrayed, and the central figure is depicted with life-like actuality and with a refreshing absence of sentimentality.

Much of the interest of this book lies in its illustrations of the paradoxes in Richard's character. This notorious homosexual was hailed as a model of chivalry. Unbelievably brutal on occasion, he had a highly developed aesthetic sense. He was a great soldier beloved by his troops, an expert on siege warfare whose monument is Château-Gaillard. He was also a minor poet. He bounded his sick father almost to death, butchered prisoners by the score in cold blood, and yet could forgive the despicable treachery of his brother and pardon the archer who caused his death. He was undoubtedly, like

most of his family, both unlovable and intensely able. After the perusal of Mr. Henderson's narrative, few readers will probably wish to dissent from the judicious verdict of Stubbs

that Richard was 'a bad son, a bad husband, a selfish ruler, and a vicious man'. But perhaps the contemporaries who hated him with much cause were not wholly wrong in detecting

something heroic in his career. At all events, Mr. Henderson, who is certainly no hero-worshipper, has here felt himself 'instinctively in the presence of greatness'.

New Novels

Balthazar. By Lawrence Durrell. Faber. 15s.

The Homecoming Game. By Howard Nemerov. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

A Scent of New-mown Hay. By John Blackburn. Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.

A Visit from Venus. By Ronald Fraser. Cape. 15s.

IN a prefatory note to *Balthazar* Mr. Durrell proposes for himself, by way of analogy—not quite convincing—with the four dimensions of the space-time continuum, a new set of sputnik-age Unities: his four-decker novel is to consist of 'three sides of space and one of time'. By a novel of 'space' Mr. Durrell intends one that has no progressional or narrative element, one in which 'time is stayed'. *Justine*, the first section of the work of which *Balthazar* is the second, was (readers will remember) essentially of this type: the narrator looks back upon his life in Alexandria and upon the group of persons with whom he was there intimately connected, he picks up first one character, one incident, and then another, as his fancy—or rather an interior or poetic, not a formal, logic—directs him. He goes backwards or forwards in time at will, but in fact time has been divested of meaning or importance; all the events of the book are equally in the past, since they are dead and done with, and equally in the present, since they are co-present in the mind of the man who is relating them. The necessary excitement and suspense of such a book, therefore, do not lie in the sequence of event, in the succession from cause to effect, but in the supplying of missing pieces, the revealing of secrets which retrospectively explain—they are in fact the excitement and suspense not of the bed-time story book but of the jigsaw puzzle.

Balthazar, as befits the second 'side of space', is constructed upon exactly the same principle; the author is at pains to make clear that it is in no sense a sequel to *Justine* (for that would imply the time-relation), but that it merely interlaps, interweaves, with it. Is it then simply another great chip off the same immobile block? No, for Mr. Durrell has now introduced a new element into the progressive revealing of truths that is his essential theme. In *Justine* the narrator tells us as he best may of his love affair with Justine, of his relationships with her husband Nessim, with his own former mistress Melissa, with the novelist Pursewarden, the Cabalistic doctor Balthazar. In the new section he is supposed to have submitted this material in manuscript to the scrutiny of Balthazar; and the papers are eventually returned with a great 'Interlinear' of comments, corrections, and explanations. The unfortunate narrator discovers, in fact, that he has, to an uncomfortably large extent, got the whole thing wrong; in the light of Balthazar's new information he is thus more or less obliged to set to and begin his book again—for, once again, the spectator, Balthazar, has succeeded in seeing much more of the game. Mr. Durrell also gives us a thumb-nail preview of the remaining sections: in the third, *Mountolive*, the narrator becomes a mere character, the subject becomes object, in a 'straight,

naturalistic novel'; in the fourth, the 'side of time', the true sequel—what happened to all the characters afterwards—will be told, and this will, of course, be a chronological narrative in the ordinary sense.

If I have concentrated so far upon Mr. Durrell's theories of construction, it is because the anatomy of the novel has for too long persisted in a state of arrested evolution, and any signs of a genuinely significant development deserve all the thought and attention we can lavish on them. Progress in this direction, on towards what Mr. Durrell's novelist Pursewarden calls at one point 'the novel of sliding panels', does indeed seem to me to offer considerable potentialities for the future; notwithstanding the stream of dear old nonsense that continues to pour off the presses, it is (I suppose) evident, if one stops to consider, that the straight narrative plot is just about tottering on the verge of bankruptcy. One last squeeze, dear scribblers, and then had we not better simply chuck the old dry skin away?

But it would be wholly misleading to convey the impression that Mr. Durrell is primarily a man of theory. His achievement in this series of novels (to which, if they end as they have begun, I should not hesitate to apply the sacred name of 'masterpiece') is manifold, and a buoyant creativity in matters of construction is only a small, though eminently significant, part of it. Of greatest concern, perhaps, is the depth, built up—or rather excavated—layer by layer, with which he is able to invest his characters, and the intensity with which they are both felt and made to feel. They take life seriously, in fact, in the only real sense of that phrase: not by the assumption of long faces, and not by the confusion of 'life' with 'earning one's living', for these habits, so far from taking life seriously, essentially deny it—but in the sense that since life is, after all, the only thing there is to be lived, it should be lived at all levels and by the exercise of all available faculties. Taking life seriously is living life generously.

Finally, I would remark that Mr. Durrell's seriousness, because it is true seriousness, is never remotely solemn. If *Balthazar* is harrowing it is also remarkably funny. No doubt this will earn it enemies; wit upon love and death is not wholly congenial to the island mind. As the author himself remarks, through his novelist persona Pursewarden:

My unkindest critics maintain that I am making lampshades out of human skin. This puzzles me. Perhaps at the bottom of the Anglo-Saxon soul there is a still small voice for ever whispering: 'Is this Quite Naice?' and my books never seem to pass the test.

Add to this *Balthazar's* defence of Pursewarden against the charges of obscurity, paradox, and frivolity:

Where can a man who really thinks take refuge in the so-called real world without defending himself against stupidity by the constant exercise of equivocation? Tell me that.

Yes, where indeed? Tell us that. Mr. Durrell is, in fact, 'a man who really thinks'; and all the men in Europe who really think, laid out end to end, would hardly stretch across a Television Personality's bathroom. He was always an important English poet, in a restricted field; one of our best practitioners of the modern art of the evocative travel-book; with the publication of *Justine* and *Balthazar* he seems to me to establish himself as among the best and most necessary living writers of our language without any qualifications whatsoever.

After *Balthazar*, small beer. Mr. Howard Nemerov's *The Homecoming Game* has for subject a football match in a small American college. The star of the home team is ploughed in a routine test by his professor, thereby disqualifying him for the game. Various pressures, by the Big Men of the student body, by the president of the college, by the athlete's girlfriend, are brought to bear upon the professor (who is the hero of the story) in an effort to persuade him to reconsider his decision. The whole thing becomes a lightly satirical comedy of conflicting moralities.

I am afraid I am never quite happy with Mr. Nemerov's novels. They are highly praised in some quarters, and he is without question a man of high intelligence and perspicacity. I doubt, however, whether he is also a novelist. He lacks the magic something: one sees his trap-doors before they open and one has to carry the novel along with one instead of being carried by it. The thing is conducted too much in the head—what is more wearisome, and less novelistic, than a remorseless detailing of the alternative courses of conduct open to a hero and of the considerations finally inducing him to adopt one rather than the other? What one wants is that the alternative courses should be implicit, but not explicitly stated, in the situation; and that character should be inferable from action rather than the other way about.

A Scent of New-mown Hay is a good insomniac science-fiction from the sinister hand of Mr. John Blackburn. A most unpleasant form of dry-rot appears which battens upon living human rather than dead vegetable matter. In a few short weeks after infection the fruiting bodies burst through the skin to scatter millions of spores into the air to infect others. The human race is doomed, unless—

Sir Ronald Fraser's *A Visit from Venus* has more fiction than science about it. Written in the timeless butler-and-mansion style of between the wars. Well intentioned, but really an awful old muddle on the whole.

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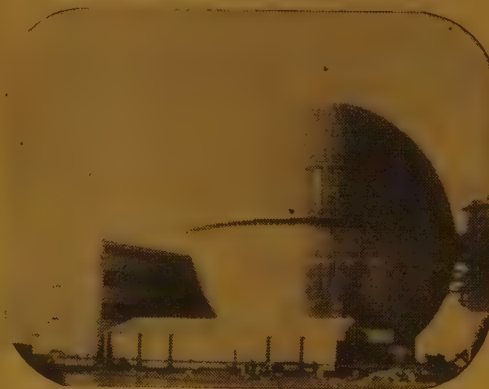
THE BOAT RACE was the first thing I ever saw on television some time in the nineteen-thirties; the second was 'The Importance of Being Earnest'—or it may have been the other way round. Beside the unbelievable magic of television in those days—demonstrated in some of the larger stores—what one saw on it hardly seemed to matter (just as nowadays no one is likely to be choosy about which planet he spends his first long weekend on in space) but one is glad to see that both these aboriginal pre-war programmes are still going strong in our more critical time. The broadcasting of the race still suffers to some extent from the camera's distortion of the actual distance between the boats, though this would matter more of course if they should ever remain closer together than recently.

It crowns a period of sport of which, in spite this year of the malice of the elements, television has as always done us proud. The 'Sportsview' unit has been ubiquitously on its toes, bringing us crucial kicks in cup-tie games, back-breaking bouts of power tennis from overseas between Hoad and Gonzales, and a film of Hogan Bassey's championship fight, while in the studio, in a new feature, 'First Person', questioning by two sporting journalists showed Stirling Moss to be the most candid of champions about his skill; on the same night—at first sight an odd turn up for the book here—Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks expatiated in his best battle manner on the keenness of all-rounders all over the world for that test of athletic versatility, the modern Pentathlon Championships which in his youth Sir Brian won and which this year are being held at Aldershot. Midst this myriad of sport, Messrs. Dimmock and Wolstenholme and their 'Sportsview' colleagues keep lucid. Sports coverage is something of which B.B.C. television may justly feel proud.

'Twenty years on from those early television boat races', as some anniversary commentary might say, 'one finds the same magic box now a household mirror trying to reflect the perennial problem of human loneliness or to investi-

gate the lives of the latest professional species to join the human family, the atom men'. In 'Loneliness'—an ambitious hour-long dramatised documentary put out on April 1—we were prying upon something exceedingly difficult to reflect accurately without a blurring smear of sentiment. Touching shots of old ladies making

the fish market to the white-coated workers of the atomic plant manipulating their nuclear substances by remote control. What seems to have happened, as we learned from many interesting interviews with representatives of both communities, is just the opposite of what Mr. Rex Warner predicted would happen in *The*



'The Atom Men' on April 4: left, the sphere which houses the breeder reactor at Thurso; right, the central control desk of the atomic research station

Photographs: J. Cura

lonely cups of tea and talking to budgerigars alternated with a husband abandoning his wife for night school (what was he studying so assiduously?) and the local youth club run by the vicar rocking and rolling with two outsiders on the fringe failing to get together.

The chain of homely incidents that gathered these different sufferers from loneliness into one focus was quite skilful, but the actual neighbourhood in which they were living, important to the investigation, was too vaguely realised for us to take them completely seriously. Not enough perhaps was made of the difference between solitude and loneliness, save in the case of one endearing male character who turned on the do-gooder with: 'Listen, it's taken me fifty years to get rid of my relations. Don't start any of that church club stuff with me!'

But even if they do order these things much better in the Italian cinema, human reactions are a welcome change on television these days from nuclear reactors, and the production of Colin Morris' script by Gilchrist Calder, employing a sizeable cast, was always agreeable to watch, and raised many questions.

We were only partly back to reactors in 'The Atom Men' on Good Friday when the emphasis was much more on the men than the machines they work. The setting up near Thurso in Caithness of the latest fast-breeder reactor has doubled the population of the area and plonked a self-sufficient new community, 'the atomics' as the local people call them, down in the midst of the original inhabitants who are largely employed in the fishing industry. John Read conducted an inquiry into the reactions of each community to the other, with Colin Wills as narrator, in the 'Eye to Eye' series. We switched from an auction in

Aerodrome: the new men draw strength from the old, and both worlds coexist harmoniously together, though similar inquiries on South Uist have not had quite such a happy story to tell.

Like the Akond of Swat, the Fon of Bafut is a real person, and a great friend of Gerald Durrell who introduced him to television on Wednesday in 'The Fon and his Beef', the first of three programmes about Mr. Durrell's search for wild life, i.e. beef, in the British Cameroons. If we are to see much more of the Fon, Mr. John Betjeman, Sir Frederic Hooper, Mr. Gilbert Harding and several other big white chiefs will have to look to their totem poles, for here was the most viewable father image we have seen for months. He was not allowed to steal the programme from Cholmondley, the chimpanzee the Durrells brought back with them, another great performer, but he would have done had he been given another few minutes. I trust we will be seeing more of the Fon.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

A Dale Family

WORLD THEATRE wound up with the second route-march of Eugene O'Neill's long years' journey through a dark jungle of psychology. If I were a distributor of medals to the cast of 'Strange Interlude' my first would go to Noel Willman for enduring the part of the damp and dreary Mr. Marsden, who has the silliest lines to speak; the way in which he made sense of them and persuaded us that the fellow was human deserved the alpha mark. Actors who take roles of this kind do not often get the silver statuettes: but they often deserve them.

Priestley's 'Eden End' is a better play than some which had been ranked as cosmic masterpieces. It contains a fascinating study of two sisters, one supposedly spoiled and one jealous, their antagonism still shot with some family affection: no pretentious text-book psychology has been emptied over the situation. Human and humane perception, in which Priestley at his best is so rich, makes beautifully poignant the return of Stella, the failed actress, to the York-



Gerald Durrell and his wife Jacque with Johnny the dog and 'Chumley' the Chimp, seen in 'To Bafut for Beef' on April 2

shire home where Lillian, the home-keeper, remains in sad singleness, never having escaped from the cage. Not that the cage is a cruel one: no father could be kinder than the widowed Dr. Kirby.

Stephen Harrison's direction was shrewd. For comedy there was the admirably written scene of masculine befuddlement after a night round the 'locals', and this was quietly and capably handled by Dennis Price and Jeremy Brett. As the Doctor, James Hayter was completely the faithful servant of his rural practice. (The date is 1912 and no motor-car eased his travel.) Maxine Audley as Stella, the pretty one who had seen the world and known the gloom of its glitter, was matched in delicacy of touch by Gwen Watford, as Lillian, the warden of the domestic hearth, repressed, resentful, and wholly understandable. It would be absurd to put one above the other in the presentation of their moments of truth.

Before 'Eden End' we had had a full week. 'You Are There' (April 2), written and produced by Michael Mills, took us to Jerusalem in the first and fearful Holy Week. The title suggests that we of the here and now are actually spectators: the method employs B.B.C. reporters and commentators of the day to intervene, explain, and put us on the spot. The mixture worked out well. The characterisation of the Jews and Romans was, rightly, on traditional lines: one does not want contemporary cleverness intruding upon Calvary. Judas Iscariot was, indeed, seen in a somewhat new light and stated his case with conviction. The Jewish leaders, suave and clear and firm in their resolve, were well presented by William Devlin and Noel Howlett: the calm, calculating statecraft of Pilate was given lucid authority by Sebastian Shaw. The day moved to its darkness and its dreadful end vividly and with no loss of dignity in the dramatisation.

For the week's lighter moments there was 'Drake's Progress' (March 31) with Charlie as an experimenter's victim in a sputnik factory. He suffered all the shocks the flesh is heir to, was assaulted by electric battery, was high-pres-

sured in cupboards and cabinets, and finally sent capering on the whirligig of a revolving stage. Drake's the boy for work and can face all the labours of a laboratory; the old clown became new droll, he who gets slapped being pushed into the ring of the scientists for ordeal by voltage. For the pathetic humours of a human guinea-pig in a bedlam of gadgets here was the proper Charlie.

On Saturday (April 5) Iain MacCormick's 'The Money Man', the first episode in a serial, took us by train to the land of winter-sports. There was murder committed on the way: there was a currency racket at journey's end. The Little Man, an innocent abroad, walked bowler-hatted into a whirl of ski-outfits, bloodshed, and financial skulduggery. Mr. MacCormick, who is widely experienced in writing for

television, kept his dialogue crisp and his action brisk. As he has explained to readers of *Radio Times*, he is new to serialisation and says that he finds it to be sore labour. But his script showed no signs of stress. I await with avidity the further adventures of the Little Man, played with mouse-like fidelity by James Bree. One naturally expects so wondrously meek and gullible a fellow to emerge as a master of detection later on. In programme - time 'The Money Man' follows Wells Fargo: in entertainment-value he is well ahead of that hero.

After that came a supposedly gay and glamorous musical with a Fleet Street background. It was called 'Hit the Headlines'. This hits the bottom of my column, where it were only courteous, saying no more, to leave it.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Give Him My Love

'THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA' was the fourth Shakespeare play in the Third in fourteen weeks. There has been no Shakespeare on other wavelengths, and no other in the Third since 1956. If Shakespeare is not standard drama, nothing is. But he is heard by only a fraction of the listeners who used to hear him and now often hear sub-standard drama instead. And he is pushing out real rarities which could otherwise be squeezed into the thinned Third Programme.

Another anomaly is the dating. Last year there was no Shakespeare in the 'birthday' week around April 23. There won't be any this year either. I suppose 'Two Gentlemen' got in this month on the strength of the line about 'the uncertain glory of an April day' and



'Eden End' on April 6, with (left to right) Maxine Audley as Stella Kirby, James Hayter as Dr. Kirby, Dennis Price as Charles Appleby, Gwen Watford as Lillian Kirby, and John Stone as Geoffrey Farrant



Scene from 'The Trial of Jesus', first of a new series, 'You Are There', on April 2, with (left to right) Sebastian Shaw as Pilate, Rufus Cruikshank as Rufius Marcius, William Devlin as Caiaphas, and Noel Howlett as Annas



The first episode of 'The Money Man' on April 5, with (left to right) James Bree as George Henry, Vic Wise as Duke, Roland Brand as Rodi, Jacqueline Ellis as Viola Church, Alec Mango as Inspector Gluckli, and Philip Carr as the second policeman

on All Fools' Day in ambiguous compliment to Frankie Howerd, who played Launce. The B.B.C. was taking a cue from the Old Vic, which recently had Frankie Howerd as Bottom. The Old Vic was cribbing from the Crazy Gang, which cast Bud Flanagan as Bottom. You can't say the Corporation has any monopoly in coaxing customers by casting comics in the classics.

There were good clowns in Shakespeare's own company. But since then so-called straight plays have retired behind the fourth wall leaving the open stage and direct address to the music-hall. Even the radio comic has to have a studio audience more often than not. It is no longer easy for a comedian to be amphibious. I remember George Robey playing Falstaff, trying hard not to look to the audience for laughs. Almost the only actor we now have who is as much at home in Shakespeare as slapstick is Bernard Miles. It is a good thing to get them together again but the variety man can't do it overnight. Frankie Howerd can't yet communicate the many-sidedness of Shakespeare's gag-men. Launce pretending he made the mess his cur did and taking the beating is more than a shaggy dog story; we should be touched as well as tickled by it. The best of Launce was Anthony Bernard's droll entrance music.

I had high hopes of Raymond Raikes' production when he began with the now necessary

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indication that Valentine is 'True-love' (so why not broadcast it on February 14?) and Protheus 'Fickleness'. But the theme soon got lost in the sort of standard Shakespearean delivery that would do as well for almost any part in romantic comedy that Shakespeare ever wrote. An exception was the feeling that John Westbrook brought to 'All that was mine in Silvia I give thee'. I suspect there is a trick to this scene in which one man—True-love, perhaps, but played this way no Gentleman—gives another man his girl. But I had better not go into that now in case Mr. Victor Menzies is listening.

'Two Gentlemen' has not been broadcast by the B.B.C. before (they only need 'The Comedy of Errors' now to complete the canon) and it does not make particularly good radio. The girl-in-man's-attire can be done only with the voice, and Perlita Neilson made Julia a tiresome lad. Heard and not seen the forest finale is a muddle anyway.

The hero of Romain Rolland's 'The Game of Love and Death' (which goes on from where his wearisome Danton eventually left off) must have been reading, or misreading, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'. Courvoisier gives all that was his in his wife Sophie to a Girondist friend on the run, and—a far, far better thing—hands them the faked passports which will take them to safety and leave him to the guillotine. Whereupon Sophie does a far, far, far better thing and tears up hers, making two for the knife. I am sorry to add the unkindest cut of all, but this—though less sprawling than its predecessors in the series—was mere melodrama, acted for considerably more than it was worth by Robert Harris, Barbara Jefford, and William Squire. R. D. Smith's Third Programme production made it sound almost as psychologically subtle as 'Rosmersholm'.

'Tracy's Tiger', like Launce's dog, is an awkward animal who exists to intimate its owner's addled aptitude for love. Like that big white rabbit Harvey he is also, if you follow me, only half there. This charming little William Saroyan fable could not possibly be made into anything but a radio play without disaster. As adapted by Marvin Kane, an American actor who played Tracy as though he had never been anyone else, it quite simply warmed the heart in Michael Bakewell's sympathetic Home Service production last week. Macdonald Parke's gruffly amiable Americans may be almost all the same but they're still all-American to me. John Graham's tiger (a black panther, actually, but not to worry) was a cat comparable only to Androcles' lovable lion. I even began to wonder if they ought not to call that flag the stripes and stars.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Home on Sunday

IT WASN'T, OF COURSE, an ordinary Sunday, but Palm Sunday: the Home Service was filled with the sublimities of the St. Matthew Passion; the Critics were moved from the morning to the evening. This move seemed, quite apart from Bach, an excellent idea, though perhaps a 10 p.m. start is rather too late. I don't, myself, find the present pattern of Home broadcasting on Sunday evening very exciting. After the hotel music and the Victorian serial, the nine o'clock news: and then what? Sometimes more music, sometimes a feature: yet 9.15 till 10 on Sunday is surely one of the week's most important listening periods and needs a regular programme of proven quality. Couldn't the Critics be permanently transferred to that time? They deserve it; and so do churchgoers, those who have to cook meals, and those who like to go out earlier in the day.

The pattern of 'The Critics' is now well-established: an introductory review followed by a discussion of, in turn, a book, a play, a film, a broadcast, and an art exhibition. When I heard it this time, I was particularly struck by the way in which the speakers often started their discussion by disagreeing so markedly that you might almost think each was talking about a different work: but then one opinion knocks up against another until there emerges, almost casually, a surprisingly complete view of the subject under consideration. On this occasion, the discussions I thought developed best were those on art—the paintings of Robert Colquhoun, and radio—'Take It From Here' which deserved its tributes not only for itself but also on behalf of all the other comedy half-hours, which represent one of the B.B.C.'s most original contributions to the art of the spoken word, and in which sound radio is, therefore, still supreme.

Earlier in the evening, two outstanding broadcasters redeem the Home from its Sabbatical mediocrity and maintain, week after week, an astonishingly high standard: Antony Hopkins and Alistair Cooke. Both are stylists; both depend for their success, in equal measure, on their sense of material and their personalities. This time, Mr. Hopkins in 'Talking About Music' chose Mozart's 'Idomeneo'. It isn't easy to deal with a major work in half an hour: but by unerring selection and skilful analysis, using both records and the piano, Mr. Hopkins succeeded, as he always does. It may be partly that I know less about music and am therefore more willing to learn: but it seems to me that the B.B.C. has still to discover a regular spokesman for literature as lively, as impeccably informed, and as passionately in love with his subject, as Mr. Hopkins is with music. So much of the literary chit-chat you hear sounds as though the speaker were for some reason in an uneasy relationship both with his subject and with his hearers. Instead of creative analysis, we are too often fobbed off with the glib comparison, the smooth fashionable *cliché*, the slick generalisation.

Alistair Cooke started his 'Letter from America' by saying that he was going to talk about Jack Benny. Old hands, of course, were not going to be deceived by that, and settled down happily to what appeared to be a brilliantly phrased eulogy of the U.S. Supreme Court. But the cunning of this speaker lies in what he keeps up his sleeve: not until he says 'Good Night' can you be sure you have the whole point. It turned out this time that Mr. Benny (we had almost forgotten him) was the hero and the Court the villain, for ruling that a parody of 'Gaslight' recently performed by Benny on television might be held to infringe the copyright of the original. Mr. Cooke pointed out that when a branch of the government does anything to support the idea that satire may be risky, its effect will be to make the entertainments bosses play even safer than they do already. So his long sly tribute to the Court ended in a polite but outspoken criticism.

On Monday, March 31 (Third) Robert Speaight read his own translation of Claudel's 'The Defence of Judas'. This is a prose apologia, slightly reminiscent of the Knights' speeches at the end of 'Murder in the Cathedral', in which the betrayer gives his own account of his actions. The character was deftly built up: a shrewd bluff fellow, a good administrator, his earthy commonsense touched with longings for the unknown. The final sentence, after they had thrown the silver at him 'contemptuously, as you throw money to a beggar', was a knock-out: 'There was only one thing left for me to do. I have done it'. This was a small masterpiece of irony, perfectly read: no, not read, performed, created—the spoken word in *excelsis*.

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Vaughan Williams' Ninth

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' First Symphony appeared in 1910 at Leeds, his Ninth and latest this month in London. The Symphony of 1910 seems to have attracted little more than conventional notice at Leeds. At a later date Hubert Parry listened to 'a very good performance of Vaughan Williams' "Sea Symphony"'. Big stuff, but full of impertinences as well as noble moments'. That was a diary entry in 1914, the year the 'London Symphony' appeared, a work in which Parry would have found the same characteristics rampant as in every symphony, this Ninth included. Instinctively Parry had grasped the significance of Vaughan Williams' style. What he called impertinence was and is still the unpredictable harmonic structure, the shift and sequence of whole groups of chords, what came to be called the composer's monolithic manner. In the 'London Symphony' the groups do not always follow each other but meet and grind together like icebergs; still more harshly do they clash in the Fourth and again in the Sixth. In this Ninth they are more orderly. But the original spirit of contest is there, the composer's refusal to be bound by conventions, even those of his own forging. If Parry, writing instantly a snap judgement for his diary, saw this as impertinence he undoubtedly used that term in no pejorative sense, for he was a man of wide sympathies, and it may well be that in fact he was excited by the 'Sea Symphony'. As for the nobility he found in it, that needs no analysis as regards either the work of 1910 or that of 1958.

The new symphony was launched smoothly; a bright, breezy performance with Sir Malcolm Sargent in easy control and in his most infectious mood. Those who sensed a portentous, at times even menacing, atmosphere closing in upon the symphony will have wondered why that was not more deeply fathomed; but the mere fact that it was felt at all suggests that at least this darker implication was hinted at, if no more. Nevertheless the dark side of the symphony which comes into view not only in the big outer movements but in the slow movement and the fundamentally acrid scherzo, will have to be fully explored before we can say that we know the work absolutely.

As for the actual playing, that aspect of the performance was a sheer delight to the ear. One had the unaccountable impression that the orchestra (the Royal Philharmonic) enjoyed dealing with the score. Certainly there was little to bother them there, a few tricky passages for brass, perhaps, and some for the three saxophones that were miles above what that good instrument is used to manipulating in normal life. Vaughan Williams has flirted before now with this bosomy instrument. There is the E flat saxophone in 'Job', the most forward of that poor man's comforters, sighing with all the hollow eloquence of the professional tart; in the Sixth Symphony a B flat saxophone leaves a snaky trail behind it in the scherzo. In the Ninth, the three in chorus tug at the massive harmonic structure of the opening clause and nearly overbalance it, an effect still more dramatic at the close of the first movement. But it is in the scherzo that the composer sets these friendly instruments a cruel intelligence test which they succeed in compassing beautifully, stealing the limelight so that even the much-publicised visitor from the brass band, the flugelhorn, takes second place, for all its mellow tone and the fine things it is put to do in the slow movement.

The mind that created the Ninth Symphony has that prophetic quality which Vaughan Williams has shown in the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth. It is an apocalyptic vision of the kind

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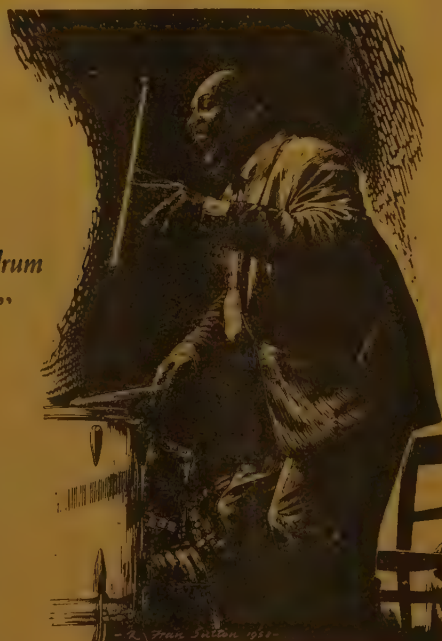
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displayed intensely in 'Sancta Civitas', a fact of which we were reminded while listening to a splendid performance of that work by Scottish forces under Sir Adrian Boult later in that same week. 'Babylon the Great is fallen' wailed the women's voices, and immediately one saw how the saxophones in the Ninth had added a gloss to that cry of desolation, a fresh comment upon that anguish. So one came to the question that is already exercising some who heard the Ninth that night, the question of the echoes that are there from previous music by Vaughan Williams.

That sort of thing—has one not argued it threadbare in the case of Richard Strauss' later operas?—is held in some quarters to be a sign of weakening powers. It is as likely to be, as it is here, the activity of a deep-delving consciousness searching deeper as it becomes aware of yet more profound implications in the music that takes its attention.

'Miroir de peine' by Hendrik Andriessen enriched the music broadcast during Holy Week with a new and rewarding experience. He is one of the most able writers of church music among

the older generation of twentieth-century Dutch composers. This setting of five poems by Henri Ghéon, expressively sung by Joan Taylor, reached out beyond dogma, was sane, unaffectedly earnest, and ignored Messiaen. The organ is important. Charles Spinks did his part well and could have afforded a brighter registration, more acrid certainly in the poem on the flagellation. Has this cycle of songs been orchestrated? If so it should be worth hearing in that form.

SCOTT GODDARD

Prokofiev's 'Flaming Angel'

By MARTIN COOPER

Prokofiev is next 'Week's Composer' on the Home Service (Monday to Friday at 9.45 a.m.) and his 'Flaming Angel' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Thursday, April 17, in the Third Programme

IN this country we know Prokofiev only as a writer for the orchestra or the piano. So far as I know, there has never been a public performance here of any of his cantatas (which include the fine 'Alexander Nevsky') or a stage performance of any one of his six operas. We have, in fact, a very incomplete and one-sided view of his work, even if the side we know is the most characteristic.

If we leave on one side an unpublished 'Magdalen' written in his early twenties, Prokofiev's first opera was 'The Gambler', a four-act work based on Dostoevsky's story. This was begun as early as 1916, before the composer left Russia, but was completed in its final form twelve years later, in Paris. In this work Prokofiev remains severely realistic. The musical features are familiar—the distorted tonic-dominant basses, the grotesque dotted rhythms, the preference for low woodwind with staccato piano or pizzicato strings and the alternation of exultant dissonance with simple, almost diatonic harmony. The style certainly suits the work, but not for nearly twenty-five years did Prokofiev return to sardonic realism, with his 'Betrothal in the Monastery'.

In the meantime we find him writing two operas in which he indulged to the full a very different side of his nature—the violent, hysterical, fantastic side which we know from some of his instrumental scherzos, from 'Ala and Lolly' and several movements of the piano sonatas. The first of these operas was 'The Love of Three Oranges', based on Gozzi's fable; this was written in 1919 and performed two years later in Chicago. The second was 'The Flaming Angel' based on a story by Valery Bryusov and composed between 1922-25. Prokofiev himself thought this his best opera, and it is all the more extraordinary that, though accepted soon after it was finished for performance in Berlin, 'The Flaming Angel' was not in fact performed anywhere until 1955, when it created a sensation at the Venice Festival.

The fairy-tale fantasy of 'The Love of Three Oranges' is clearly descended from that of Rimsky-Korsakov's last operas. 'The Flaming Angel' is a much more turbid work and, for all its fantastic elements, entirely centred on human character. Bryusov's story—which has been translated into English as 'The Fiery Angel'—is cast in an archaic form and purports to be derived from a sixteenth-century German manuscript, containing the story of the *Lanzknecht* Rupprecht and his love for Renata, a beautiful girl who believes herself possessed by a supernatural being and is finally condemned to be burnt as a witch. The scene is laid in Germany, mostly at Cologne, in the second quarter of the

sixteenth century. Rupprecht, born in 1504, has already been present at the sack of Rome in 1527 and served in the Indies before he returns home and meets Renata in an inn where he puts up for the night. He first comes upon her in a state of hysterical or diabolical possession in which she takes him for Heinrich, a former lover, whom she believed to be the human counterpart of her angelic guardian, until he one day deserted her. Rupprecht hears out her long and often incoherent story and consents to listen to the prophesying of a local wise woman. By the end of the act he is in love with Renata and consents to take her to Cologne in search of Heinrich. The first scene of the second act shows the couple trying unsuccessfully to learn by magic practices the whereabouts of Heinrich, and in the second Rupprecht visits the magus Agrippa of Nettesheim but is equally disappointed. Meanwhile, however, Renata has seen Heinrich and, having been repulsed by him, urges Rupprecht in the third act to challenge him to a duel. Rupprecht is wounded but his championship of her apparently wins Renata's affections and she becomes his mistress.

In the fourth act Renata threatens to leave Rupprecht, whose obsessive physical passion for her offends her conscience and contrasts bitterly with the pure memories of her guardian angel and the exaltation of her own passion for Heinrich. Their final scene together is in a garden by the Rhine and, as Renata hurls a knife at her lover and accuses him of being possessed by the devil, Faust and Mephistopheles enter the scene and order food at a tavern. From a neighbouring table Rupprecht watches Mephistopheles threaten to eat a slow-witted serving boy and then in fact do so, only to resurrect him from the neighbouring rubbish heap. He joins the party and the end of the scene suggests that this is the beginning of a new passage of his life.

In Bryusov's story several chapters narrating the experiences of the three at various German courts follow here; these explain how, in Prokofiev's last act, Rupprecht comes to be in the suite of the Inquisitor who is visiting a convent to investigate stories of diabolical possession among the nuns. The source of this trouble is a new sister in whom Rupprecht immediately recognises Renata. While the Inquisitor interrogates the assembled community, signs of diabolical activity begin to appear. The sisters are divided into those whom Renata has already infected and those who remain hostile to her influence. As the Inquisitor proceeds to exorcise the evil spirits, a universal hysteria seizes the whole community and chaos reigns until the Inquisitor summons his guard and the curtain falls on his words condemning Renata to be

burnt alive for having commerce with evil spirits.

This extraordinary story plainly engaged Prokofiev's liveliest interest and the figure of Renata in particular (modelled by Bryusov on a mistress of his own, who was well known as a *femme fatale* among the Symbolist poets) is more powerful than any other in his operatic output. The scenes of diabolical possession, or hysteria, in the first and last acts, the questioning of occult powers in the second, and all Mephistopheles' music in the fourth have an uncanny power and extraordinary variety, as though Prokofiev were himself an adept in the varieties of psychic derangement. Rupprecht, whose theme opens the whole work and recurs perpetually throughout, the first four acts, is shown as an honest, rather simple man enslaved by his passion for the depraved Renata. Bryusov makes him less innocent; but in any case it is Renata who sets the tone of their relationship, in which physical passion, hysteria, and morbid religiosity play the chief parts. (Here we are reminded occasionally of the scenes between Paulina and Alexis in 'The Gambler'.) Prokofiev makes great use of obsessive rhythmic ostinatos, not only in the occult scenes but in the entr'actes representing the duel between Rupprecht and Heinrich and introducing the appearance of Faust and Mephistopheles.

Any operatic treatment of the subject of a young girl's diabolical possession would recall to a Russian composer the example of Rubinstein's 'Demon', based on Lermontov's poem. But we should also remember that Prokofiev, born in 1891, grew up in an artistic world where Scriabin's music and the exotic and often orgiastic cults professed (with varying degrees of seriousness) by the Symbolist poets and their followers made a story such as Bryusov's seem less strange and unattractive than it does to us. Certainly Prokofiev's three last operas, written after his return to Russia, stand as far as possible from 'The Flaming Angel' in subject-matter and musical style. 'Semyon Kotko' (1939) and 'War and Peace' (1942) are patriotic pieces, the one on a comparatively intimate scale and the other in the free, grandiose style of a film or large mural painting. 'The Betrothal in the Monastery' (1941), based on Sheridan's 'The Duenna', is a light, often elegantly written comedy in which Spanish pastiche is a considerable element.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

STORING WOOLLENS AND FURS

INTO APRIL MEANS into storage with winter woollens, blankets, and furs. All these are expensive items, so it is well worth while taking a little extra care and trouble when putting them away. Moths are a big menace to wool and fur, and moth grubs are selective—they like dirty materials and will make a bee-line for any garment where there is a chance of finding grease or food stains. So cleanliness is the prime essential, and no amount of mothball treatment is much good if the material is not really clean.

Woollen garments and blankets should, if necessary, be washed or dry-cleaned. If this is not necessary, then give them a thorough shaking, and in the case of coats or suits a good brushing inside and out. I myself swear by the vacuum cleaner for this job. Then, if you can, give them a day out of doors in the sunshine before putting them away.

If the clothes are to be stored in a cupboard cover them with a dust sheet and then sprinkle the bottom of the cupboard with paradichlorobenzene. These crystals are sold under various trade names, all much easier to pronounce than that. The important thing here is to put in enough crystals: $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. is about right for the average wardrobe. If possible seal the cupboard door with adhesive tape. If you are going to store the garments in airtight containers you will not need the crystals, but you must make sure the garments are thoroughly aired before sealing them up. Smaller things like jerseys store very well in thin plastic bags sealed along the open edge with adhesive tape.

Furs are another story altogether. The ideal thing is to send your fur to be cleaned and stored by a furrier. If you are storing a fur yourself, first give it a good airing out of doors then brush it briskly with a fairly stiff brush—brushing with the 'flow' of the fur—but do not be too vigorous. Never spray fur with an insecticide and never store it in an airtight container. Hang up the fur in a cool cupboard, cover it with a light dust-sheet so that air can circulate round it, and put a generous amount of anti-moth crystals in the cupboard if you like to. For an extra safeguard remember to take the fur out and shake it at regular intervals—but

I am afraid that nothing except professional treatment can give fur 100 per cent. protection against a really determined moth.

ALICE HOOPER BECK

MORE ABOUT FLOORINGS

There is no doubt linoleum is a remarkable material, and you can use it with confidence in almost every room in the house. It does not stand up to fats and alkaline cleaning materials as well as p.v.c. but, even so, it will not come to any harm in the average kitchen. Elsewhere in the house you will find that linoleum is tough, durable, and relatively cheap, although in the bedroom it is rather cold to the feet. These remarks, by the way, refer mainly to the hessian-backed linoleum with an inlaid pattern. This, at any rate in the thinner grades, is very little more expensive than the printed types, on a bitumen-felt backing, and, in my opinion, well worth the little extra. Incidentally, the felt-backed linoleum tiles are based on a genuine linoleum with an inlaid pattern, and you can get some gay patterns with them.

The low-priced thermoplastic tiles come in a pleasing range of colours and, bearing in mind their low cost, can be expected to give reasonable service. As it is a hard floor it does not show to best advantage where comfort is the main factor. But if you are unlucky enough to have a damp floor these thermoplastic tiles can in some circumstances do very well.

The composition type of flooring, that is the kind that is laid down like cement, is also hard but, once again, its low cost is an important point in its favour. Composition flooring is not particularly warm and is usually inclined to be noisy, so it is best suited to rooms such as kitchens or in the sculleries of old-fashioned houses. In these old houses you will often find the kitchen and scullery or pantry are floored with flagstones, which are nearly always uneven. The cheapest and, in the long run, most effective way of dealing with this situation is to lay a composition floor.

Finally, a word about timber floors. These can be laid in strip form, in wooden block, or in the usual variety of designs with parquet

floors. Here again, wooden floors are hard and inclined to be noisy. They are best suited to the dining room and the hall, although they can be used successfully in the living room with the aid of a few good rugs. They are expensive, but for durability and sheer elegance a well-laid hardwood floor takes pride of place.

DAVID ROE

Notes on Contributors

SAUL ROSE (page 603): Research Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford

DAVID FLOYD (page 605): *Daily Telegraph* special correspondent on Communist affairs

D. M. MACKEY (page 606): Lecturer in Physics, King's College, London

R. J. C. HARRIS (page 608): Research Fellow of the British Empire Cancer Campaign; editor of *Biological Application of Freezing and Drying*

C. J. HAMSON (page 613): Professor of Comparative Law, Cambridge University; Barrister at Law, Gray's Inn, Benchers, 1956; editor, *Cambridge Law Journal*

TYRONE GUTHRIE (page 615): dramatist and theatrical producer; Director of the Old Vic, 1951-52; Administrator of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells, 1939-45; author of the play 'Top of the Ladder', etc., and *Theatre Prospect*

DAVID ANDERSON (page 617): Regional Director for the British Council in Enugu, Eastern Nigeria; author of *Surveyor's Trek*

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON (page 619): Chairman, Committee of London Library, 1951-57; Governor of the B.B.C., 1941-46; Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Information, 1940-41; author of *King George V: His Life and Reign*; *Evolution of Diplomatic Method*; *Sainte-Beuve*, etc.

KENNETH F. CHAPMAN (page 622): editor of *Stamp Collecting*

MARTIN COOPER (page 637): music critic of *The Daily Telegraph* since 1950; editor of *Musical Times*, 1953-56; author of *Russian Opera*; *Les Musiciens anglais d'aujourd'hui*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,454.

Reversi. By C.S.S.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 17. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

	3	7	5	6	5
3					
6					
5					
5					
5					

The diagram contains five rows and five columns, each of which has to be filled with the numbers from 1 to 5.

The clue, given at the left of each row and at the top of each column, represents the smallest number of 'changes' (a 'change' being the inversion of one pair of adjacent figures) from the natural order—12345—required to produce the number which has to be entered in the row or column: the order of this number being read, in each case from the 'clue' end.

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For example, if the figure to be entered was 31254, one could, starting with the natural order, obtain the following series, reversing the order of one pair of adjacent numbers at a time:

12345
12354
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Three such reversals is the minimum required, hence the clue would have been 3.

Solution of No. 1,452

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REGALIA IN COMET
OSMILDETERGENT
GITALMUDPASOKASE
RILURGENTINOMAR
ANTICENARARCHIPS
KICKSIRTAHITIIP
BUNKYLONELYLILOO
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CATCHKYRIORAMAL
BICHIOYSTERISLOPE
MYHARTSEROELIPS
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